

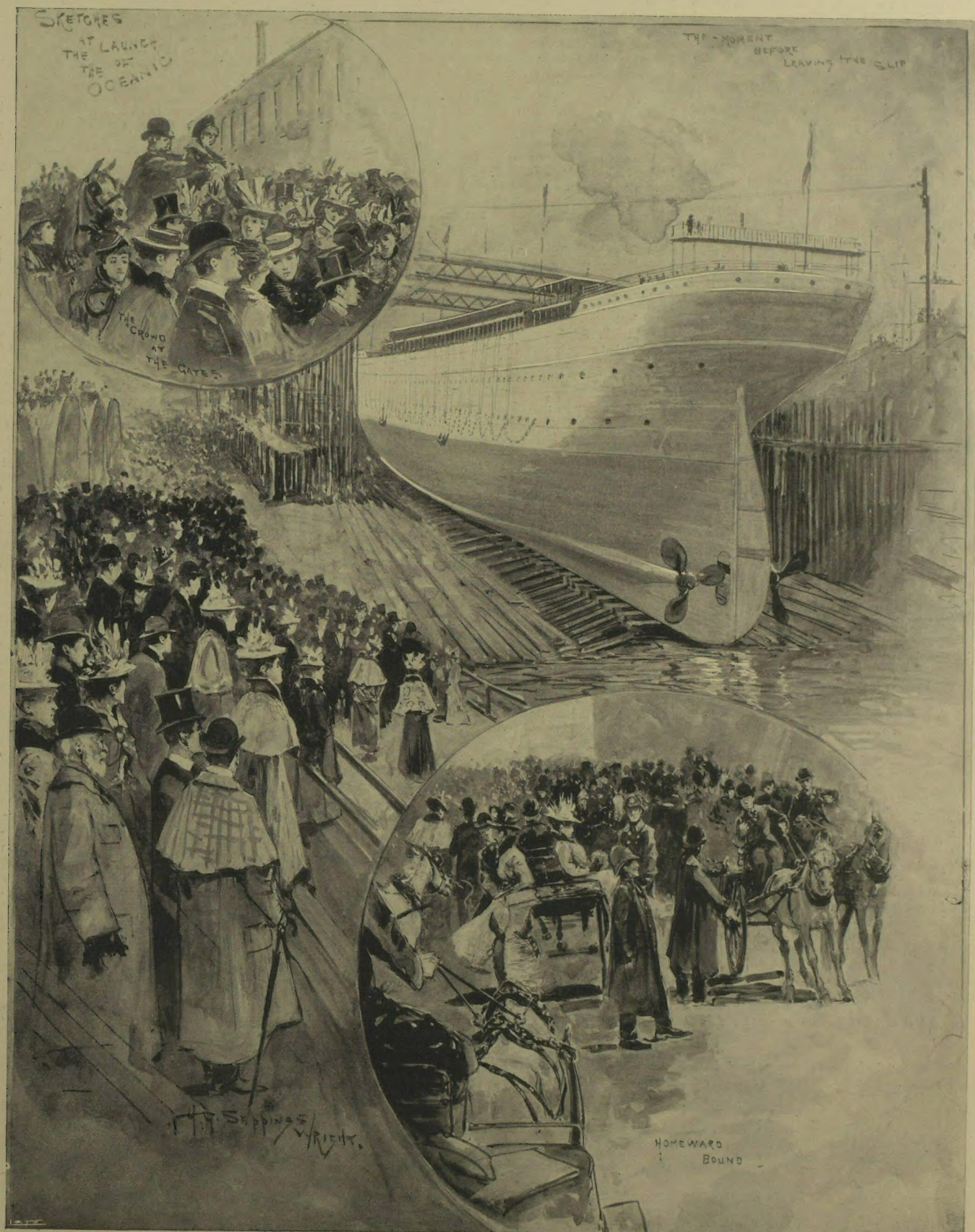
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SIXPENCE.
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THE LARGEST SHIP AFLOAT: SKETCHES AT THE LAUNCH OF THE WHITE STAR LINER, "OCEANIC," AT BELFAST ON JANUARY 14.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

When a jest or a literary allusion has enjoyed a long life, people who are not ultra-conservative in these matters term it a *cliché*, and call for its burial. I suppose no joke has had such a vogue in the present century as the "chops and tomato sauce," which were summoned from the private life of Mr. Pickwick to convict him of perjury. About the year 1887 I began to notice that they were dropping out of the dictionary of popular illustrations which every journalist carries in his mind. The phrase which Sergeant Buzfuz hurled at Mr. Pickwick's head with crushing effect gradually became a *cliché*. After an innings of half a century, this is not surprising; though when I look at Mr. Dent's charming edition of "Pickwick," which Mr. Walter Jerrold has edited, I do not want to be accused of insinuating that such a masterpiece of humour has lost its savour. What I mean is that Mr. Pickwick's chops are not so welcome now to the ready writer who would rather rely upon the well-seasoned joke of a classic than upon his own modest efforts in the same vein. But mark the irony of history. The part which the "chops and tomato sauce" were made to play in the famous case of "Bardell v. Pickwick" is now played by *Loz grog* in the equally famous case of "The French Army v. Dreyfus, with Picquart intervening." M. de Beaurepaire Buzfuz has flung that grog at the head of M. Pickwick Picquart, and alcoholic stains upon the gowns of certain judges, who have been rudely sprinkled in the encounter, are supposed by many Frenchmen to prove that there is no justice in the Supreme Court of France!

Evidently that grog is as Pickwickian as the chops, and it behoves us as patriots to recognise that our *cliché* is a glorious inspiration which is spreading to other lands. France may boast that her Revolution gave us ideas; but we can boast that "Pickwick" is reforming her judicial procedure. Buzfuz persuaded the jury that "chops and tomato sauce" revealed Mr. Pickwick's amorous pursuit of Mrs. Bardell. The French Army believes the grog served out to Colonel Picquart to have been a hint that the Court would deliver a corrupt judgment in favour of Dreyfus. The parallel is complete. Perhaps the Frenchmen who study our literature to such purpose would like another one. As rum is now of stupendous significance in their politics, they might turn their attention to the pirates' song in Stevenson's "Treasure Island"—

Fifteen men on the dead man's chest—
Yo, ho, ho! and a bottle of rum!
Drink and the devil have done for the rest—
Yo, ho, ho! and a bottle of rum!

Let some patriotic artist like Forain give his countrymen a picture of the judges sitting on the last soldier of France, and singing—

A criminal Court on the dead man's chest—
Yo, ho, ho! and a bottle of rum!
Treason and Jews have done for the rest—
Yo, ho, ho! and a bottle of rum!

We have made so many adaptations from the French that our neighbours ought to have their turn at borrowing. But let us not imagine meanwhile that we have nothing more to learn from them. In a Paris journal I light upon a story which has a domestic moral for our own hearths and homes. A wife, unreasonably incensed against her husband, left him, and sojourned with her mother. He entreated her to return, but she remained obdurate. Then he wrote her a letter which ran thus: "When you have read this the writer will have ceased to live." Much alarmed, she summoned a doctor, and hurried to the home she had deserted. They knocked at the door; there was no answer. They burst it open, and there was the unfortunate husband hanging by the neck in a dim corner, quite dead. The wife flung herself upon her knees in a paroxysm of remorse, but the doctor quietly cut the body down, and found that it was a lay figure. At that moment the husband appeared at the door, calm, and slightly quizzical. Instead of overwhelming him with reproaches for his detestable stratagem, the lady fell into his arms, and vowed that she would never leave him again. I may add that the story is told in the original with a cynical assumption of man's inevitable superiority both in brains and virtue. As I read it, I recalled one of George Eliot's ironical asides—"A man's mind—what there is of it—is masculine, and even his ignorance is sounder than a woman's."

It is obvious that both sexes can play at melodrama, and I shall be glad to consider any decently authenticated history of a wife who, struck by the French example, has reversed it by hanging up her *mannequin d'osier*, dressed in her most becoming frock. The husband, let us say, has fallen into the habit of spending an irrational amount of time at his club. One evening, in the midst of an astounding break at billiards, he receives a note. He reads it, turns pale, throws down his cue, leaves the other man to pay for the game, drops the note in his agitation, and rushes out. The other man, much nettled (the masculine mind—what there is of it—is always nettled at billiards), picks up the note and reads it aloud. "When you receive this I shall be no more." "You know her," says the other

man, addressing the company who are stretched in picturesque attitudes on the lounges. "Do you think she is the sort of woman for that sort of thing?" The company revolve the idea very slowly (ideas do not turn somersaults in a billiard-room), then they summon more whisky and soda to accelerate the idea, so to speak, by hydraulic pressure; then one of them says, "Not much," and the rest, surprised by his celerity of thought, nod acquiescent heads. Meanwhile, the anxious husband speeds home, lets himself in with a latch-key, searches the house in suppressed terror, sees an object suspended in the box-room, that rustles when he touches it, clasps it in his arms with a cry, and finds he is hugging the armless and headless Venus that his wife hangs her dresses on. In a moment she is beside him with a candle and a forgiving smile; but he murmurs something about a remarkable game of billiards he has left unfinished, and hastens back to the club, where the other man says, "By the way, I think you dropped this just now," and hands him the fatal note. He looks around at the company, who are still picturesque, still engaged in hydraulic pressure, and what he reads in their faces does not stimulate the domestic affections.

Is this hypothesis extravagant? Take another. It is highly probable that an offended wife in London would not seek refuge with her mother, but would engage a room at her club. Here she is in the midst of an animated discussion when she receives the missive announcing that her husband has ceased to breathe. But the animated discussion is upon a point of finance, and finance in a woman's club, I understand, supplants all the commonplace emotions. The missive is handed round, and at once there is a protesting chorus. "But, my dear, this is a mere trick! Besides, you cannot trouble yourself about a worthless man, even if he is lifeless, when we have to settle this important question about the subscription." The important question arises out of an order from the committee that members elected three months before the end of the financial year shall pay only half the current subscription. The committee, in their innocence, supposed this rule to be clear enough; but some ladies take it to mean that the general subscription has been reduced by one half, and others have hinted that they believe the full amount was obtained from them by misleading representations. In a certain club, which even on the rack I should refuse to name, this agitation has actually been raised. Now, is it likely that a wife would be lured from such a club at such a crisis by a stratagem designed to harrow her feelings with the spectacle of a strangled dummy? But I shudder to think of the feminine mockery which will torment the luckless husband who has to confess that the hour when he ceases to breathe has been unavoidably postponed.

From these searching ironies I turn to the complaint of a correspondent who signs himself "A Schoolboy." "Do you think it right," he asks, "for those excavating chaps at Rome to make all this fuss over a stupid black stone they call the tomb of Romulus? It is giving us an awful time in our school. Romulus was bad enough when we thought him only a mythical Johnny; but ever since the newspapers took up that stone, our head master has been on the stump with what he calls 'the vital personalities of history'! Then somebody has made him believe that the French are sticking up a monument to Vercingetorix as the first Frenchman who shouted 'Vive l'Armée! A bas les Juifs!' As you seem rather a kind sort of buffer, I thought you might stop the papers before they find the tomb of Remus. I know they will if somebody doesn't jump on them. Our head-master is already tearful when he talks about Remus. He says Remus's blood consecrated the foundations of Rome, and if the excavators come across the bloodstains, I know he will go out of his mind. Nearly all the boys are out of their minds. There's a kid who sleeps in the dormitory next to me, and he talks all night about the wolf that nursed Romulus and his brother. He shouts out: 'They've found them!' and when we say, 'Found what?' he says, 'The wolf's back teeth!' They've found them in a paper bag! Can't you stop this? It's no use writing home to father. He's an archaeologist!"

This appeal touches me deeply; but I am quite helpless. The woe of the schoolboy was ever thus, before and since the days when Dr. Blimber was wont to call Mr. Feeder's attention to the habits of the ancient Romans. The case is aggravated by the thoughtlessness with which the newspapers have reported the discoveries in Rome. How any editor who remembers his own juvenile tortures at the hands of Romulus could have the heart to print these stories I cannot understand. My correspondent is learning only too soon that for the sake of news an editor will sacrifice even his own tender brood to those ancient Romans whose favourite habit is to haunt small boys and give them nightmare.

Still another recruit to the vagaries of editors. A literary man, living at Nunhead, sent half-a-dozen articles to a weekly paper. They were all rejected. He moved to one of the London Inns and sent more articles. They were all accepted. From this he thinks it is clear that to live at Nunhead argues incompetence to the editorial mind, whereas an address in Gray's Inn means genius. I hope the citizens of Nunhead will resent this affront.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, at Osborne, since the departure of her eldest daughter, the Empress Frederick of Germany, has been accompanied by Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, who came with Princess Victoria on Friday, Princess Henry of Battenberg, and Princess Louis of Battenberg. On Saturday the Queen received several gentlemen to confer the honour of knighthood upon them. Mr. C. T. Ritchie, President of the Board of Trade, was her Majesty's guest at dinner on Friday. On Jan. 9 the Queen invested Major-Generals Sir Archibald Hunter and Sir Leslie Randle with the Knighthood of the Bath for their distinguished services in the Sudan; and bestowed medals on seven non-commissioned officers and soldiers. This week, on Tuesday, Señor Yglesias, the President of Costa Rica, visited her Majesty. Princess Beatrice last week opened the Nurses' Institute at Romsey.

The Empress Frederick, on Jan. 11, took leave of the Queen and royal family at Osborne, coming to London, but, on account of the rough weather in the Channel, instead of leaving England on that day, remained at Buckingham Palace until Saturday morning, when she was joined by the Prince of Wales, who accompanied his sister to the Victoria Station for her journey to Dover; thence crossing to Calais, she travelled in the Prince's private saloon-car on the French railways, by way of Paris, to Bordighera, on the Italian Riviera coast, arriving there on Sunday afternoon. His Royal Highness went to Sandringham, where he and the Princess of Wales have this week entertained the Spanish Infanta Eulalia as their guest, with Princes Alfonso and Louis of Orleans.

The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland at Dublin, on Jan. 12, conferred knighthood upon Mr. James Henderson, Lord Mayor of Belfast; Mr. J. B. Johnston, Mayor of Londonderry; Judge Neligan, Recorder of Cork; and Dr. G. Plunkett, Inspector of Lunatic Asylums.

The first elections of County and Borough Councils, County, Rural District, Urban, and Suburban Councils, new Boards of Guardians and Town Commissioners, formed under the Irish Local Government Act, commenced on Monday, but the whole system will not be completely put in operation, by the latest appointed elections, until March 25. It seems likely that, in general, these elections will be chiefly influenced by the political contest between Nationalist Home Rulers and Unionists; there will be a severe struggle in some parts of Ulster, and in the three other provinces, apparently, few Unionist candidates will be returned.

In English Parliamentary elections for seats recently made vacant in the House of Commons little activity has been displayed. The Conservative candidate, for the Epsom Division of Surrey, Mr. Keswick, has not yet encountered an opponent. The election for the Newton-le-Willows Division of Lancashire has taken place this week. Colonel Pilkington, Unionist, was unopposed. In Ireland there is a contest for Londonderry between Count Arthur Moore, a Tipperary Nationalist, and Mr. Emerson Henderson, a manufacturer in Tyrone, candidate of the Unionist Party.

A meeting of the National Protestant Church Union was held on Jan. 11 in the Church House, Westminster Abbey, to consider the present crisis occasioned by Ritualist practices in the Church of England. Viscount Middleton presided, and Lord Kinnaird, Prebendary Webb-Pelpee, Canon McCormick, and Mr. Mellor, M.P., spoke for the resolutions passed unanimously, with a memorial to be presented to the Queen. Several of the Bishops have received memorials asking for the repression of illegal practices and of unsound doctrine.

Mr. Brodrick, the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, received on Friday a deputation from the Anti-Slavery Society and the Society of Friends' Committee, urging Government speedily to put an end to slavery under the British Protectorate in Zanzibar and Pemba.

The constituents of Sir Edward Clarke, M.P., at Plymouth were addressed by him last week, stating that one of the earliest Government measures in the approaching Session would be the introduction by Mr. Balfour, as he hoped, of a London Local or Municipal Government Bill. He thought it might be necessary, also, to strengthen the hands of the Bishops, and to ensure their action, in the enforcement of the Church's laws and rules upon some of the clergy. Of the schemes for old-age pensions he spoke with disapprobation.

Educational or school management questions have been further discussed by the Congress of the Central Representative Board of Teachers in London, Canon Lyttelton presiding, with Sir Joshua Fitch at their sitting on Jan. 11, and at their dinner; by Earl Spencer, as President of the Association of Technical Institutes; and by Sir John Gorst, Vice-President of the Committee of Council, in a lecture at Bradford, treating of the failure of the efforts of School Boards to procure full and regular attendance of children at the elementary schools, nearly a million who should attend being absent in the average on any one day. The London School Board has requested the Court of Common Council to lend the assistance of the City Police to compel children to attend school. Mr. Chamberlain, at Birmingham, on Jan. 12, presiding at the annual Court of the Governors of Mason's College, gave an account of the progress made towards the establishment of a Birmingham University, for which, he hoped, a Royal Charter would be granted this year; and he approved of the proposed addition of a Faculty of Commercial Instruction.

Professor Jebb, M.P., spoke at the banquet of the Association of Head Masters at Goldsmiths' Hall on Saturday.

An exceedingly violent gale of wind, beginning from the north-west on Thursday, Jan. 12, but going round to the south-west, raged on all the coasts of Great Britain till next day, with heavy rain during several hours, and caused a large amount of damage, both at sea and on land. The Channel steam-boats and those between Dover and Ostend were much interrupted and delayed. One of the latter was twenty-six hours at sea; another was seventeen hours, and the passengers from Ostend suffered



LAUNCH OF THE "OCEANIC," THE LARGEST SHIP AFLOAT, AT BELFAST.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT.

"She starts! she moves! she seems to feel the thrill of life along her keel, and, spurning with her foot the ground, with one exulting, joyous bound she leaps into the ocean's arms."—LONGFELLOW, "THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP."

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

ONE HUNDRED AND TWO REMBRANDTS
AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

BY BENJAMIN CONSTANT.

One hundred and two canvases by Rembrandt! Rembrandt, happily for his successors and brother artists, being but a simple mortal, did not produce a *chef-d'œuvre* on every occasion, if for no other reason than mischievously to perplex the speculators of the future and make them pay very dear for his errors, when, alas! in his life-time there were no purchasers even for his successes!

Without going very far back, a Rembrandt abandoned by a family could be picked up, five-and-twenty years ago, very cheap. This rescued canvas is now priceless! Bitter irony!

The present quotations for works of Rembrandt, even doubtful ones, would have enabled him to live sumptuously in former times in his fine old city of Amsterdam. He who was so fond of rare stuffs, of precious stones, of gold necklaces, placed them everywhere, even on his father, the miller, who, to please his maniac of a son, let himself be dressed up as a second-hand Magyar. And Rembrandt in person, did he not frequently have the fancy to paint himself with pearls in the ears, wearing fur caps set off with costly chains and hooks? As a virtuoso, he could make golden streams of light play in the shade; and rags, in his hands, became superb shreds in a sunbeam.

After "The Midnight Round," that grandiose symphony of the colourist; after "The Syndics," more living than the living who observe them, one could not, in truth, expect better—and, yet, the portrait of a woman, of "Saskia," and "The Disciples at Emmaus," from the square saloon at the Louvre, cause one to lose in admiration the power to express oneself, while they give our National Museum the two most beautiful works of this admirable magician of the brush.

So in London at this moment one hundred and two of his paintings hang on the walls of the Royal Academy, and England, to its honour, possesses the greatest number, commencing with her Majesty the Queen.

This exhibition is a success, and is visited by crowds. But let us arrest our steps before the most happy pieces, those which the master, without any doubt, would prefer: it will suffice to observe them attentively to be convinced of that. And behold! "The Mill"—the paternal mill—the cradle of the glorious painter. In this instance it was no longer the hand that painted; it was the heart alone! And this first vision of an artist became, in the long run, the apotheosis of a souvenir of childhood. It is at the hour when nature slumbers in the shades of eventide. In the

these, I think, are those I would choose, asleep as awake:—

No. 8.—Portrait of an Old Woman. The property of the Duke of Buccleuch. Rembrandt's mother, no doubt, reading in an ancient tome, her head in the shade of a hood, and her visage reflected in the pages of the volume. Then, as quickly as possible, I would choose No. 15, that old lady, handsome in her day, but whose small mouth has receded a bit under the nose; whose cheeks, still a trifle rosy, have become wrinkled, whose eyes have lost their fire. But from this mask grown old, set on a collet, framed in a black coif coming to a point on the forehead, stands out a physiognomy ineffaceable as a work of art, a most intense expression of a curious individuality.

Then I would choose No. 20, already seen at the Amsterdam Exhibition last summer. He is there—still there: one feels him there—that brave, great painter in his white cotton cap, with his sympathetic countenance, his soft, full cheeks, his fat neck, his refined mouth, and his small, searching eyes, ever ready to observe life. Only ago has come; but gentle philosophy hovers over this venerated visage. And so you find yourself loving this painter among the most able of painters, this admirable artist. I am very much afraid that the good fairy who gave this *chef-d'œuvre* to Lord Iveagh will not, even in a dream, part with it to her charming sister, my own fairy, the one who allows me at this moment to choose at ease.

However, I continue by passing on to No. 27—a piece finished to a degree. "Rembrandt's Father," the miller, still as a Magyar, with furs and gold necklace. Then I ask for No. 40—"The Mill." I have already described it in a way; it only remains for me to obtain it. I also ask for No. 47—an interior replete with calm and shade. Near a chimney, where a fire is

dying out, an old man warms himself, an old woman works at a spinning-wheel, and through the window one perceives a little clear sky and a few red roofs. What sweet melancholy is in this small canvas! It depicts physical and moral tranquillity—the tranquillity of old age.

I also claim, while I am about it, No. 52—"The Salutation"—a gem of love and sentiment, a little marvel. Saint Elisabeth has come to meet the Holy Virgin; she tenderly extends her arms to her, and the Virgin, divinely



"THE MILL."

The Property of the Marquis of Lansdowne.

foreground a good woman, barely visible, is still washing her linen at the river; a fisherman's boat passes over the water, and high up there, on some ground commanding all the landscape, rises the brown silhouette of "The Mill," with its red wings turning against the vast gold-striped sky. Admirable canvas, real *chef-d'œuvre*, I salute thee!

Oh! if in sleep I were to dream that a fairy came to give me the choice of ten or twelve pictures in this Exhibition of the Royal Academy,



REMBRANDT.—PAINTED BY HIMSELF.

The Property of Lord Kinaird.



"THE SALUTATION."

The Property of the Duke of Westminster.

beautiful, smiles in the light! Never was the art of the clear-obscure advanced further!

And here "The Old Rabbi" (No. 83) attracts me; and particularly No. 74, the property of Lord Feversham, the portrait of a merchant attired in black, with white turn-down collar, grasping a paper in one hand and in the other a pen. The two hands are rare in colour, and the head, sparkling with life, comes out prominently against a warm, transparent, burnt-amber depth that is indefinable. This is, perhaps, the finest portrait in the Exhibition, and approaches the most of any to "The Syndics" of Amsterdam. A real *chef-d'œuvre*!

And No. 71—admirable! Rembrandt again, painted by himself; still, a bit older, and still coiffed in his white cap. His countenance, in truth, is less merry than in the preceding one in the same style; he has even a look of sadness in the eyes—the sadness of an existence drawing to a close, which he feels too short for all the dream of art left on the road—but it is incomparable in amplitude, unsurpassable in certainty of touch, and inimitable in regard to life! It must be observed that Rembrandt was never better able to display what he was—a powerful painter—than in the portraits of himself done by his own hand. All of them prove this. No customers to satisfy—no bad influences; on becoming again his own master, he again became the master of Masters!

And now, after having expressed the desire to carry off "The Adoration of the Magi," "Jacob, and His Sons Showing Him Joseph's Blood-stained Tunic"; and the good woman who disturbs her husband to bring him a letter, that is to say Nos. 66, 67, 98, I shall have forgotten some among the best, and I shall hardly have called attention to one-tenth part of the admirable works in this Exhibition at the Academy.

In conclusion I salute thee, Rembrandt, Master of the Clear-Obscure, poet of shade as well as adept ravisher of light! Thou hast been the greatest painter of Humanity!

Benjamin Constant

THE LARGEST SHIP AFLOAT.

The new steam-ship *Oceanic*, built at Belfast by Messrs. Harland and Wolff for the Atlantic line of the White Star Company, was launched on Saturday, when Mr. Pirrie, the head of the ship-building firm, entertained guests among whom were the Duke and Duchess of Abercorn, Lord and Lady Dufferin, and Lord and Lady Londonderry. The *Oceanic* is larger than the *Great Eastern* was, being 705 ft. long, which is 13½ ft. longer, but her breadth of beam is less by 15 ft., while she exceeds the *Great Eastern* in depth below the raised promenade deck, having seven decks in all; with the weight of coal and cargo added to that of the ship and engines, her load displacement of water is to be estimated at 28,500 tons; and she is considered the most powerful steamer afloat, with such promise of speed that it is thought the voyage to New York may be done in five days. Constructed of iron and steel, this vessel is so designed as to possess great strength, and safely to carry two thousand people, besides an immense cargo. She has a cellular double bottom; and the midships portion of the hull is occupied by a quadrangular iron box girder, resting upon the bilge keels, and rising to the upper deck, so that the ship's back can never be broken; the plates were fixed by the new method of hydraulic rivetting. The rudder and the twin-screw propellers are of the most perfect steel, and supported by fine gun-metal bearings. There are two pairs of compound low-pressure, intermediate, and high-pressure steam-engines, with a stroke of seventy-two inches, to work the propellers, and fifteen steam boilers. In the work of building and fitting this huge ship, much assistance was obtained by the use of a specially contrived moving triple crane or "gantry," in a steel frame, 95 ft. high and 92 ft. wide, travelling upon rails from end to end, or across the breadth of space, over the extent of the operations. The launch was most correctly and successfully performed in sight of an assembly reckoned at fifty thousand people on shore, but without any ceremony of "christening," and the vessel was towed into the Alexandra Dock.

RECEPTION OF THE NEW VICEROY IN INDIA.

The arrival of Lord Curzon of Kedleston, with Lady Curzon, at Bombay on Friday, Dec. 30, by the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steam-ship *Arabia*, from Marseilles and England, was greeted with loyal and personal welcoming tokens of regard by members of the Presidency Government Service and of the Bombay Municipality, by the resident English and other European society, the native Indian population, Parsees, Mohammedans, and Jewish, inhabiting that great commercial city. The steam-ship having anchored off the Wellington at a very early hour in the morning, it was half-past six or seven when Colonel Fenn and Captain Baker Carr, two officers of Lord Elgin's Viceregal staff from Calcutta, went on board, and were soon followed by a more complete deputation from the Calcutta Imperial Government, headed by the Hon. A. Wingate, Chief

Secretary, with Major Richard Owen, Military Secretary to Lord Sandhurst, the Governor of Bombay, and two aides-de-camp, Captains Levett and Chandler. After duly exchanging official courtesies, the new Viceroy, with these gentlemen, accompanied by Lady Curzon, the new Vicereine, with their own suite, left the *Arabia* in a steam-launch for the main quay—the Apollo Bunder—greeted with a salute of guns by H.M.S. *Raccoon*, while on board several British war-ships in the harbour marines paraded on deck and the yards were manned by the sailors. When his Excellency and Lady Curzon landed, thirty-one guns of the saluting battery were fired, troops of the garrison presented arms, and the regimental bands played the National Anthem. The new Viceroy was received by Lord Sandhurst at the Bombay Government House, where Lord and Lady Curzon stayed as guests two or three days; addresses to his Excellency were presented by the City Corporation and by the Chamber of Commerce. Leaving Bombay by railway, they arrived at Calcutta on Tuesday, Jan. 3, and entered Government House, their future residence, greeted by its preceding tenants, the Earl and Countess of Elgin, with cordial hospitality, and by all the Viceregal Court, the Imperial and Bengal Government officials, the civic authorities, and the leading residents, European and Asiatic, with equal respect and good feeling. Lord Elgin, some days before his departure

comparable with the tiger. Another markedly distinctive feature of the lion is the tuft at the tip of the tail, in which is frequently buried a peculiar claw-like nail. What may be the use of this claw, no one has yet succeeded in discovering; and the only other animal in which a similar structure occurs is one of the smaller Australian kangaroos, or wallabies.

Lions, which were formerly common in South-Eastern Europe and the adjacent districts of Asia, never ranged further eastward than India, where they are now comparatively rare. Africa has always been their great stronghold, and in many parts of that continent they are still numerous. Owing to the recent ravages of the rinderpest, and the resulting scarcity of their natural prey, they have been nearly starved out in several districts (like London cats in the holiday season), and have consequently become abnormally bold and daring. Indeed, in Bechuanaland, they have actually dared to attack the mail-cart in broad day—an unheard-of piece of audacity.—R. LYDEKKER.

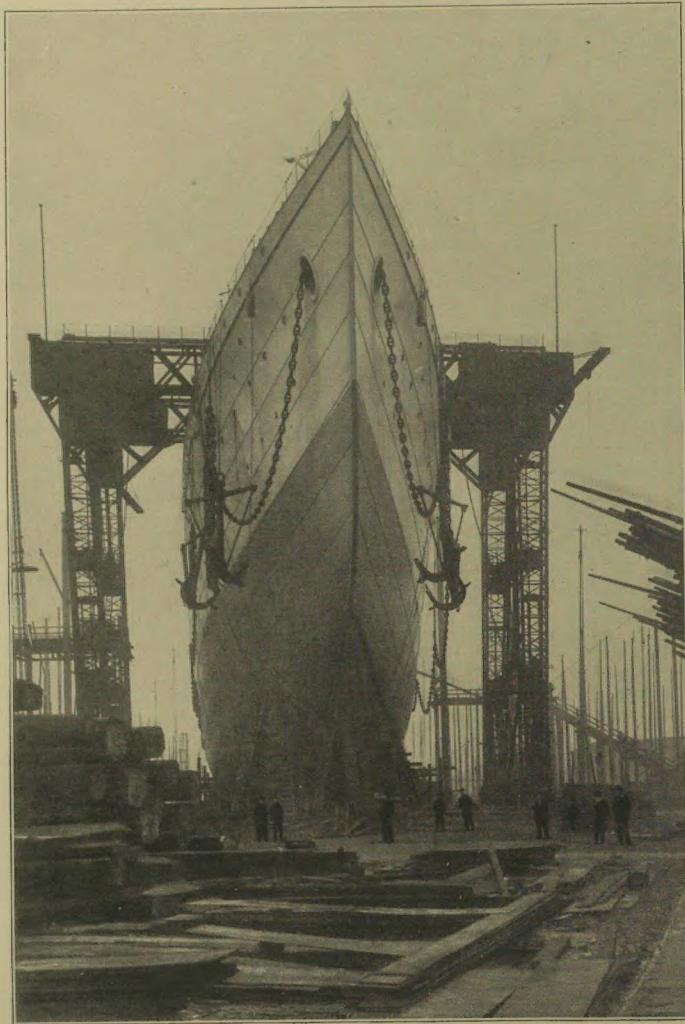
EEL-PIE ISLAND, ON THE THAMES.

The British Empire has a vast number and variety of insular possessions in every region of the globe. It cannot be said that Eel-pie Island is of equal naval or military, or political or commercial, importance with some of those we possess in remote maritime regions. But to many home-loving Londoners, who have often enjoyed a merry picnic trip up their own familiar river, its domestic and social interest has long been proverbial. Almost classical, from English literary associations of two centuries past, is the neighbourhood of Richmond and Twickenham. Was not Eel-pie Island, therefore, deserving of a more illustrious final destiny than to be sold on Jan. 12, 1899, to a brewery firm or company for the price of £4700? Such is the fact we must now record. The sale took place under the hammer of Mr. Mason, the auctioneer, on Thursday last week, at the City Mart in Tokenhouse Yard. Shades of Pope and Swift, and Thomson and Gray and Walpole, where was your finer influence then? Departed souls of jovial Aldermen, who went up the Thames on the annual "swan-hopping" trips of the City magnates, and of sociable citizens who delighted to revisit, with their families and friends, the rural banks, opposite and above Richmond, of the pleasant, placid stream that still retains, as far as Windsor and Henley, its attractions for inland boating voyagers, why had not your successors raised a moderate timely subscription to purchase the famous islet for public recreation? It is now too late, perhaps; the deed is done. On that small but valuable territory, with its water frontage of 1200 ft., there will be a new grand hotel, with gardens and boat-houses and accommodation for a host of summer holiday visitors. We grudge not to this enterprise any fairly deserved success, but we doubt whether it will henceforth be a scene favourable to poetical inspiration; and the genius which once hovered over Richmond Hill, whose praises of one of the fairest landscapes in England dwell in the memory of those still accustomed to relish the idyllic verse-literature of a bygone age, may take his departure, never to return.

SKETCHES IN JUTLAND.

The shifting sands along the shores of the North Sea, especially on the west coast of Jutland, have been conquered by the Maholm grass. A wiry, slender filament of a root anchors itself in the finest sand, and sends shoots and runners in all directions, binding the ground together wherever it reaches. The old church at Skagen, buried early last century in the sandhills, affords a striking example of the encroachments of the sand. The tower remains partly visible.

Hans Christian Andersen makes it the theme of one of his finest tales. The Danes are jovial, social, and kindly; they and their wonderful pipes are inseparable under all circumstance, even on a cycling expedition. The name of Laps Kruse is well known in Denmark and also here in our country. Many a sailor has owed his life to the undaunted courage and humanity of this humble Norse fisherman. The Queen and Trinity House bestowed their honours on various occasions on this man, whose pea-jacket was well covered with medals and crosses of nearly every Government that sends men down to the sea in ships. Laps Kruse snatched out of the cruel jaw and maw of this raging sea one hundred and fifty or sixty lives under the greatest peril. When the old man died, a few years ago, Drakman appealed to the Danish public to subscribe a sufficient sum to erect a humble gravestone to the memory of this noble old fisherman in the lonely graveyard at Skagen. The Skagen Hotel can certainly claim to have the most gruesome dining-room in Europe. All along the walls are the battered figure-heads of vessels that went to the bottom of the sea in this vicinity, which many years after the sea threw up. The collection comprises names of ships and steamers of nearly all nations, English and Norwegian constituting the majority. Close to Skagen Point, pictured in another illustration, the most dangerous part of the sands and breakers is located. The great siren at Højen Station is claimed to be the most powerful in Europe. It can be heard ten or twelve miles out at sea with a fairly favourable wind. The siren is worked by compressed air, generated by steam.



THE BOWS OF THE "OCEANIC."

from Calcutta, indeed before Lord Curzon arrived, was present at the races on Dec. 26, when the Viceroy's Cup was won by Mr. Mackie's horse Vanitas.

STUDIES AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS. III.—A LION AT GAZE.

Judging from the abundant development of long hair on the under surface of its body, the lion depicted in our illustration is a menagerie specimen, for it is a somewhat curious fact that captive examples of the great tawny cat always show a more abundant mane than is displayed by their wild relatives, in which this appendage very seldom extends much below the shoulders. Nor is the reason far to seek. Wild lions are in the habit of crawling, *ventre à terre*, for long distances after their prey; while the mane on their head and shoulders is constantly being damaged by thorns and bushes, so that it never attains that luxuriance so commonly seen in individuals safely ensconced behind the iron bars of a cage. It is entirely due to this voluminous mane (which, by the way, is by no means so long and shaggy on the head and neck of the subject of our illustration as is often the case) that the lion has so much grander and more imposing a mien than any other member of the cat tribe. Apart, indeed, from her size and strength, the lioness is an almost insignificant creature when contrasted with her consort; and from an æsthetic point of view is in no wise

PERSONAL.

A remarkable figure in Canadian religious life has passed away in Father Chiniquy, who died at Montreal on Jan. 16. Born in 1809 in the Province of Quebec, Charles Chiniquy was educated for the priesthood, and was ordained in 1833. Devoting his natural eloquence to the advocacy of temperance, he brought 200,000 persons over to the side of total abstinence, and earned the title of the Father Mathew of Canada. In 1858 he left the Church of Rome for the Presbyterian, and entered on a fierce campaign against



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE FATHER CHINIQUY.

his former communion. On several occasions he was attacked by angry mobs with sticks, stones, and firearms. Father Chiniquy was a wonderfully vigorous man, and even at the age of eighty-seven was an intrepid mountaineer. In 1860, 1874, and 1882 he visited Great Britain, and attracted many hearers. His controversial writings were numerous.

It is reported that Princess Victoria of Wales is engaged to Prince George of Greece. There is no confirmation of the story, but should it turn out to be true it will give no small satisfaction to the public. Prince George has added greatly to his popularity by the spirited fashion in which he has set about his new duties in Crete. There appears every chance that he will conciliate the Moslem population and lay the foundations of a lasting peace in the island. As Great Britain is extremely popular with the Cretans, the appearance of Princess Victoria as Prince George's bride would be a master stroke of diplomacy. But these speculations, though fascinating, are premature.

The mystery of Mr. Gladstone's face, which so greatly disturbed Mr. Lecky, is solved by Mr. Gladstone himself. He told a friend, who communicates the information to the world, that he looked much fiercer than he was because the muscles of the face employed in anger were also employed in concentrated attention. So as Mr. Gladstone grew old and deaf, he used to wear that expression of vindictive rage which saddened Mr. Lecky, when, as a matter of fact, he was merely doing his best to hear what was going on. The explanation is both scientific and simple, and we hope Mr. Lecky will now revise his judgment.

There is a quaint advertisement in the newspapers to this effect: "Memorial to Lord Salisbury suggesting in the interests of the Cabinet the retirement of Mr. Long. The above can be signed at the office of the National Canine Defence League." Dog-lovers do not love Mr. Long, whose muzzling order, however justifiable it may be in principle, is administered in a fashion that defies logic. Most of England is now free from the order, which is enforced on one side of a boundary and not on the other, apparently with the notion that dogs without muzzles are respecters of boundaries, and will keep scrupulously to their own side. But a memorial to Lord Salisbury is not likely to have much effect, for has not the Prime Minister scoffed publicly at the agitators and their "puppy-dogs"?

Lord Dunsany, of Dunsany Castle, County Meath, has died at the age of forty-five. His Lordship was the seventeenth Baron, and succeeded his father in 1889. He was a Lieutenant in the Royal Naval Artillery Volunteers, and from 1886 to 1892 sat in Parliament for the Southern Division of Gloucester. In April 1877 his Lordship married the only daughter of Colonel Plunkett-Burton, of the Coldstream Guards. The late Lord Dunsany was very popular with his tenants, to whom he was in no respect an absentee landlord.



Photo. Russell.
THE LATE LORD DUNSANY.

He was a well-known figure in county Society, and took a keen interest in agricultural questions. His son Edward, who is in his twenty-first year, succeeds to the title.

The Czar's proposals are assuming a definite shape, and they show that whatever may come of the discussion about the suspension of armaments for a fixed term of years, the Czar hopes to get an agreement on other points. He suggests, for example, that the Powers shall bind themselves not to adopt any more destructive weapons than they now possess. A Frenchman has invented a new submarine torpedo-boat, and France will probably make haste to adopt this invention before she appears at the Peace Conference. The submarine boat is intended for use in daylight, and is a most formidable engine. But it

is said that the Czar proposes expressly to veto this very thing. If this be true, what will they say in France about Russian friendship?

The meeting of the Czar and Count Tolstoi seems to have been dramatic. The novelist wore his peasant's dress, much to the disgust of some English critics who think he ought to have put on his "best coat." But what if he has no "best coat"? The Czar embraced his distinguished subject, and asked him what he thought of the disarmament proposal. The reply was that Count Tolstoi would believe in it when Russia set the example. The idea of a State setting the example of peace by deliberately making itself helpless is characteristic of Tolstoi's mind, but it is not statesmanship.

Mr. Goldwin Smith, writing on the prospects of the Liberal Party, says that apart from Home Rule there is a dividing element in woman's suffrage. Sir William Harcourt, he says, takes one side, and Mr. Morley the other. But the same element burdens the Unionists. Mr. Balfour is for woman's suffrage, but Mr. Chamberlain is against it. If it should ever come within the range of practical politics, it will make a fiercer schism than Home Rule did, because the schism will not be confined to one party.

Colonel Pilkington, the new member of Parliament for the Newton Division of South-West Lancashire, completed his fifty-eighth year on Jan. 17, the day following his unopposed election. He is the second son of the late Mr. Richard Pilkington, of Windle Hall, St. Helens, where he carries on business as a glass manufacturer. Hitherto he has been regarded as a Liberal Unionist, but he is now returned in the Conservative interest. Colonel Pilkington is an enthusiastic Volunteer, and has obtained the long-service decoration. He has been Major of the 2nd V.B. South Lancashire Regiment from 1883, and has been hon. Lieutenant-Colonel since 1885.

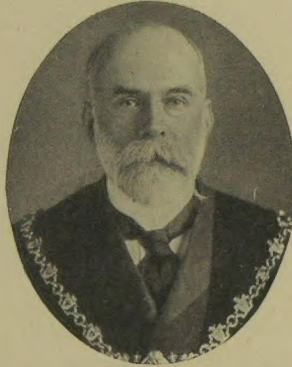


Photo. Elliott and Fry.
COLONEL R. PILKINGTON,
New M.P. for Newton Division, S.W. Lancashire.

The seventh anniversary of the death of the Duke of Clarence was generally held in public memory last Saturday, though the sentiment of regret inspired by that event lent itself little to any public observance. A cross of white lilies was sent by the Princess of Wales to the tomb in the Albert Chapel at Windsor Castle.

Major Charles Fergusson, whose name occurs in the list of wounded at Rosaires, is thirty-three years of age. He is the son of the Right Hon. Sir James Fergusson, Bart., who was Postmaster-General in 1891. Major Fergusson entered the Grenadier Guards in 1883, and became Captain in 1895. He has served in the Egyptian Army with distinction for the last few years, has been mentioned in despatches, has been decorated with the medal and clasp for Dongola, 1896, and last year received the Distinguished Service Order for his conduct during the Khartoum Expedition.



Photo. Hills and Saunders.
MAJOR C. F. FERGUSSON, D.S.O.

Captain von Tiedemann, of the Prussian General Staff, who accompanied the British forces to Khartoum, has written a letter to the *Times* to deny the stories of systematic inhumanity to the Dervish wounded. Apart from this point, much importance is attached to the letter on the ground that it could not have been written without the Kaiser's permission, and that it shows a very distinct friendliness on his part to Great Britain. By a quaint coincidence, some French writers are claiming the Kaiser's sympathies for France. They even go so far as to discuss a Franco-German alliance for the discomfiture of England.

The life of Nubar Pasha, who has died at the age of seventy-six, embraces the history of Egypt in the present century. He was the favourite of Mehemet Ali, who sought to make Egypt independent of the Sultan. He was the Minister of Ismail, who reduced the Sultan's suzerainty to a shadow. Nubar was indispensable to Ismail, who hated him, but recalled him from exile when the finances of Egypt were on the brink of bankruptcy. Nubar saw that Ismail must go if anything was to be saved, and he was chiefly instrumental in the deposition of the Khedive, who was succeeded by Tewfik. Under Tewfik's successor Nubar was again chief Minister, and resigned his office only two years ago. He was always a friend of England, welcomed her predominant interest in the Suez Canal, and on the whole co-operated faithfully with her policy. He was opposed to the evacuation of the Soudan, and his last days were rejoiced by the victory of

Omdurman and the restoration of Egyptian sovereignty in the valley of the Nile.

On Jan. 6 the Right Rev. Thomas Earle Welby, Bishop of St. Helena, was killed by being thrown from his carriage while driving from his private residence to Jamestown, the capital of the island. The Bishop, who was in his eighty-eighth year, was formerly rector of Newton, Lincolnshire, and archdeacon of Georgetown, Cape of Good Hope. He was the second son of Sir William Earle Welby, second Baronet of Denton Manor, Lincolnshire, and is uncle of the present Baronet, Sir William Earle Welby, Gregory. The Welby family has been of mark in Lincolnshire since the time of Henry V., and has given many High Sheriffs to the county. Of Churchmen, too, it has sent forth a goodly number. Of the first Baronet two sons and two grandsons were in holy orders, of the second two sons, one being the Bishop just deceased, and of the third two sons also.



Photo. Russell.
THE LATE RIGHT REV. THOMAS EARLE WELBY,
Bishop of St. Helena.

It is believed in Paris that the Cour de Cassation will quash the judgment against Captain Dreyfus and send him before a new court-martial. This looks like a compromise. The Court must know by this time that Dreyfus is innocent, and also that a court-martial, in the present temper of the General Staff, can scarcely be trusted to do justice. On the other hand, it is asserted that there are many superior officers from whom an impartial tribunal might be selected.

A specimen of the prevailing military judgment in France is given by General Mercier, who persists in asserting that Dreyfus is guilty, and that Henry was an honourable man. True, Henry committed forgery, but he did it in reply to the "forgery" by Colonel Picquart. As there was no forgery by Colonel Picquart, and as Henry, so far from regarding his own crime as a patriotic act, perjured himself repeatedly in his frantic efforts to conceal it, General Mercier's opinion is not of striking value. But if a new court-martial on Dreyfus should be inspired by that opinion, the chances of eventual justice will be remote. It will be pity if the Supreme Court should allow itself, after all, to be intimidated by M. de Beaurepaire, especially as the Chamber of Deputies has twice refused, by overwhelming majorities, to interfere with the independence of the tribunal.

The exquisite Esterhazy, who is expected to give evidence before the Court, now affirms that he had relations with Colonel Schwartzkoppen, to whom he gave "bogus" documents by orders of his superiors. General Mercier denies this, but it is evidently intended to lead up to an admission by Esterhazy that he wrote the *bordereau*. As the Court already knows that Esterhazy's ingenuity is a waste of intellect.

Vesuvius is in active eruption, and this may be due to jealousy. An enterprising French showman proposes to set up a sham Vesuvius at the Paris Exhibition next year. There will be flames and "real lava," and the sides of the mountain will be ornamented with rocks and restaurants. Inside the crater visitors will see "living pictures" representing scenes from Dante's "Inferno." This last idea is essentially Parisian.

Mr. Richard Gowing, secretary of the Cobden Club since 1877, died somewhat suddenly at Tenby on Jan. 12. He was a very able journalist, editor of the *Gentleman's Magazine* during a most interesting period of its later history, 1873 to 1877. His secretaryship of the Cobden Club he retained to the day of his death. Mr. Gowing was born at Ipswich in 1831, and had been connected with newspapers in his native town, in Exeter, Birmingham, and the Metropolis. His published works include "Ipswich and East Suffolk," "A Pilgrimage to the West," a record of a visit to Canada, "Richard Cobden," and he was editor of "Richard Cobden and the Jubilee of Free Trade." On Jan. 16 Mr. Gowing was buried at Brookwood.



Photo. Lavender, Bromley.
THE LATE MR. RICHARD GOWING.

A paragraph in these columns on the origin of the Hon. James Rose Innes, the well-known Cape politician, has elicited letters from several correspondents. His father, it appears, is Mr. James Rose Innes, C.M.G., for long Under-Secretary for Native Affairs. His grandfather was James Rose Innes, M.A., LL.D., first Superintendent-General of Education at the Cape, and his great-grandfather, William Innes, was a valuer, residing near Bond of Inverkeithney, on the Netherdale side of the river Deveron.



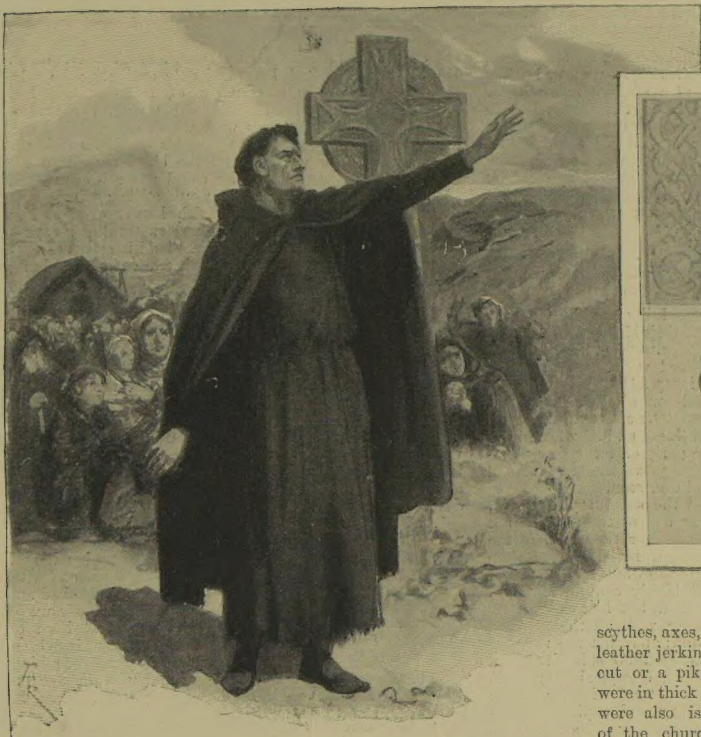
THE CALCUTTA RACES: VANITAS WINNING THE VICEROY'S CUP, DECEMBER 26, 1898.

From a Sketch by Mr. George Grant, Calcutta.



THE ARRIVAL OF LORD AND LADY CURZON AT THE AFOLLO BUNDER, BOMBAY, DECEMBER 30, 1898.

From a Sketch by Mr. J. Derriman Pears.



PABO

THE PRIEST

By S. BARING GOULD.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. FORESTIER.

CHAPTER V.

THE FIRST BLOOD.

"What is this uproar? What is being done?" asked Bernard in agitation. "Look, Cadell! Is there no second door to this trap? Should violence be attempted I can obtain no egress by the way I came in; this church is stuffed with people. Shut the screen gates if they show the least indication of attacking us. 'Sdeath! if it should occur to them to fire this place —"

"They will not do so, on account of their own people that are in it."

"But—but what is the occasion of this noise? How is it I am here without anyone to protect me? This should have been looked to. I am not safe among these savages. It is an accursed bit of negligence that shall be inquired into. What avails me having men-at-arms if they do not protect me? Body of my life! Am not I the King's emissary? Am not I a bishop? Am I to be held so cheap even by my own men that I am allowed to run the risk of being torn to pieces, or smoked out of a hole like this?"

"Do not fear, my Lord Bishop," said Cadell, his chaplain and interpreter, who was himself quaking, "there is a door behind, in the chancel wall. But methinks the danger is without; there is the disturbance, and the congregation are pressing to get forth."

"Body of my life! I want to know what is happening. Here, quick, you clumsy ass, you beggarly Welshman; Cadell, undo the clasp, the brooch; I will have off this cope—and remove my mitre. I will leave them here. I shall be less conspicuous, if weapons are being flourished and stones are flying."

The bishop speedily divested himself of his ecclesiastical attire, all the while scolding, cursing his attendant, who was a Welshman, by birth, but who had passed into the service of the conquerors, and knew very well that this would advance him in wealth, and ensure for himself a fat benefice.

When the bishop had been freed of his vestments, the chaplain unbolted a small side door, and both emerged from the church.

Outside all was in commotion. The populace was surging to and fro; uttering cries and shouts. An attack had been made on the military guard of the bishop—and these, for their mutual protection, had retreated to the sumpter horses and mules, surrounded them, and faced their assailants with swords brandished. About them, dense and menacing, were the Welshmen of Caio, flourishing cudgels and poles, and the women urging them on with cries.

Bernard found himself separated from his party by the dense ring of armed peasants, infuriated by the wrongs they had endured and by the appeals of the women. He could not see his men, save that now and then the sun flashed on their swords as they were whirled above the heads of the crowd. No blood seemed to have been shed as yet—the Normans stood at bay. The Welsh peasants were reluctant to approach too nearly to the terrible blades that whirled and gleamed like lightning.

At the same instant that Bernard issued from the church, the bell suspended between two beams was violently swung, and its clangour rang out above the noise of the crowd. As if in answer to its summons, from every side poured natives, who had apparently been holding themselves in reserve: they were armed with

scythes, axes, and ox-goads. Some were in leather jerkins that would resist a sword-cut or a pike-thrust, but the majority were in thick wadmel. The congregation were also issuing from the west door of the church, thick on each other's heels, and were vainly asking the occasion of the disturbance.

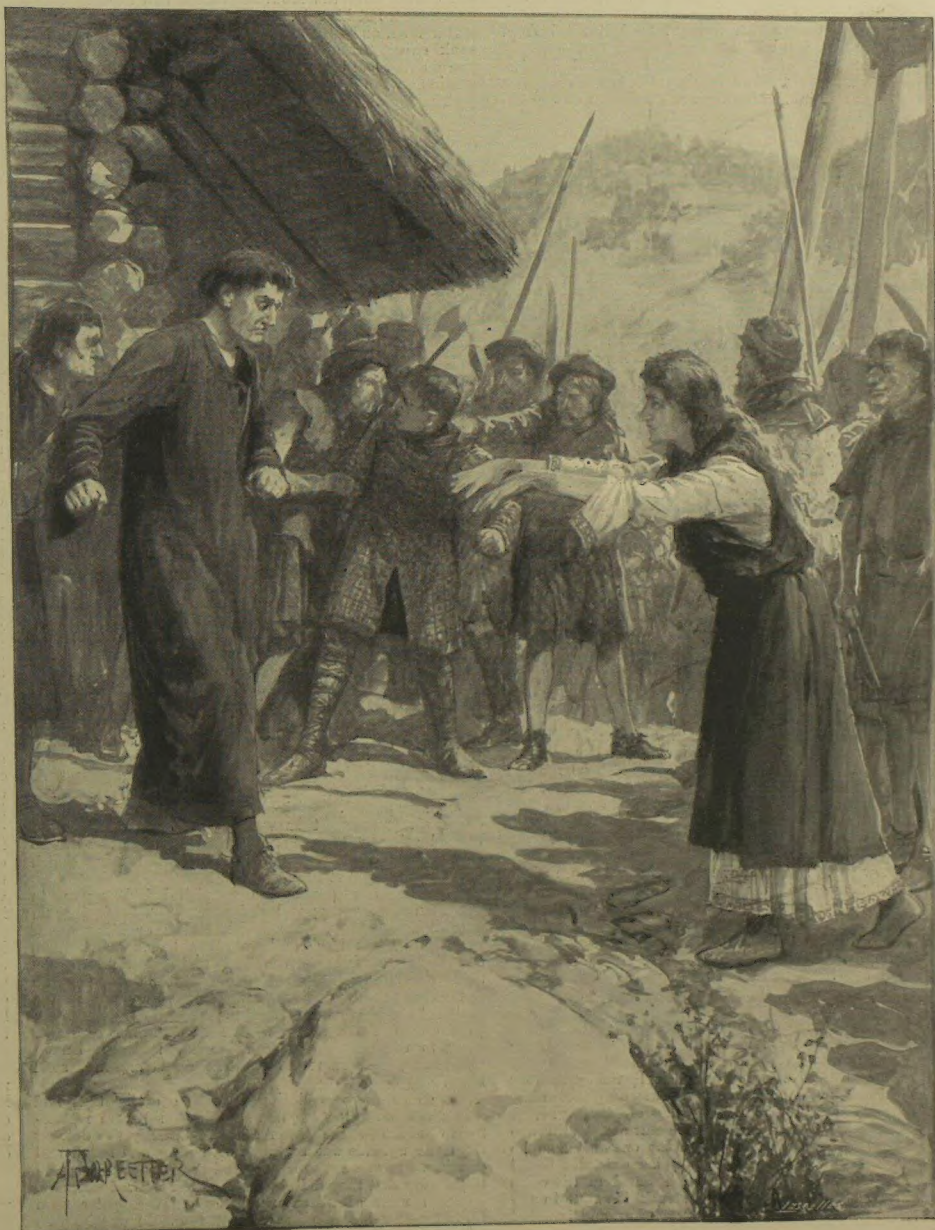
It was some minutes before Pabo emerged into the

open, and then it was through the side door. He found the bishop there, livid, every muscle of his face jerking with terror, vainly endeavouring to force his chaplain to stand in front of and screen him.

"I hold you answerable for my safety," said Bernard, putting forth a trembling hand and plucking at the Arch-priest.

"And I for mine," cried the chaplain.

"Have no fear—none shall touch you," answered



"Morwen!" he exclaimed, recoiling in dismay.

Pabo, addressing the prelate. He disdained even to look at the interpreter.

"If any harm come to my men, you shall be held accountable. They are King Henry's men; he lent them to me. He sent them to guard my sacred person."

"And mine," said Cadell. "Our father in God cannot make himself understood without me."

"You are in no danger," said Pabo.

Then the Archpriest stepped forward, went to the belfry, and disengaged the rope from the hand of him who was jangling the bell. With a loud, deep, sonorous voice, he called in their native tongue to his tribesmen to be silent, to cease from aggression, and to explain the cause of the tumult.

He was obeyed immediately. All noise ceased, save that caused by the Normans, who continued to thunder menaces.

"Silence them also," said Pabo to the bishop.

"I—I have lost my voice," said the frightened prelate.

At the same moment the crowd parted, and a band of sturdy peasants, carrying clubs, and one armed with a coultar, came forward, drawing with them Rogier, the bishop's brother, and a young and beautiful woman with dishevelled hair and torn garments. Her wrists had been bound behind her back, but one of the men who drew her along with a great knife cut the thongs, and she shook the fragments from her and extended her freed arms to the priest.

"Pabo!"

"Morwen!" he exclaimed, recoiling in dismay.

"What is the meaning of this?" demanded the bishop.

"Unhand my brother, ye saucy curs!" But, though his meaning might be guessed by those who gripped Rogier, they could not understand his words.

"What is the cause of this?" asked Bernard, addressing the Norman. "Rogier, how comes this about?"

The Norman was spluttering with rage, and writhing in vain endeavour to extricate himself from the men who held him. It was apparent to Bernard that the right arm of the man had received some injury, as he was powerless to employ it against his captors. The rest of the soldiery were hemmed in and unable to go to his assistance.

"Curse the hounds!" he yelled. "They have struck me over the shoulder with their bludgeons, or by the soul of Rollo I would have sent some of them to hell! What are my men about that they do not attempt to release me?" he shouted. But through the ring of stout weapons—a quadruple living hedge—his followers were unable to pass; moreover, all considered their own safety to consist in keeping together.

"What has caused this uproar?" asked the bishop. "Did they attack you without provocation?"

"By the soul of the conqueror!" roared Rogier. "Can not a man look at and kiss a pretty woman without these swine resenting it? Have not I a right to carry her off if it please me to grace her with my favour? Must these hogs interfere?"

"Brother, you have been indiscreet!"

"Not before your face, Bernard. I know better than that. I know what is due to your sanctity of a few weeks. I waited like a decent Christian till your back was turned. You need have known nothing about it. And if, as we rode away, there was a woman behind my knave on his horse, you would have shut one eye. But these mongrels—these swine—resent it. Body of my life! Resent it!—an honour conferred on one of their girls if a Norman condescend to look with favour on her. Did not our gracious King Henry set us the example with a Welsh prince's wench? And shall not we follow suit?"

"You are a fool, Rogier—at such a time, and so as to compromise me."

"Who is to take you to task, brother?"

"I mean not that, but to risk my safety. To leave me unprotected in the church, and to provoke a brawl without, that might have produced serious consequences to me. Odd's life! Where is that Cadell? Sinking away?"

"My lord, I have greater cause to fear than yourself. They bear me bitterest hate."

"I care not. Speak for me to these curs. Bid them unhand my brother. They have maimed him—maybe broken his arm. My brother, a Norman, held as a common felon by these despicable serfs!"

"Bishop," said Pabo, stepping before Bernard.

"What have you to say?" asked the prelate suddenly. The face of the Archpriest was stern and set, as though chiselled out of alabaster.

"Are you aware what has been attempted while you were in God's house? What the outrage is that has been offered?"

"I know that my brother has been so light as to cast his eye on one of your Welsh wenches."

"Lord bishop," said Pabo in hard tones, and the sound of his voice was metallic as the bell, "he has insulted this noble woman. He bound her hands behind her back and has endeavoured to force her on to a horse in spite of her resistance, her struggles—look at her bruised and bleeding arms!—and to carry her away."

"Well, well, soldiers are not clerks and milkops."

"Do you know who she is?"

"I know not. Some saucy lass who ogled him, and he took her winks as an invitation."

"Sieur!" thundered Pabo, and the veins in his brow turned black. "She is the noblest, purest of women."

"Among broken sherds, a cracked pitcher is precious."

"Bishop, she is my wife!"

"Your wife!" jeered Bernard, leaned back, placed his hands to his side, and laughed. "Priests have no wives; you mean your harlot."

In a moment the bishop was staggering back, and would have fallen unless he had had the timber wall of the church to sustain him. In a moment, maddened beyond endurance by the outrage, by the words, by the demeanour of the prelate, in forgetfulness of the sacred office of the man who insulted him, in forgetfulness of his own sacred office, forgetful of everything save the slur cast on the one dearest to him in the whole world, the one to whom he looked with a reverence which from her extended to all womanhood, the incandescent Welsh blood in his veins burst into sudden flame, and he struck Bernard in the face, on the mouth that had slandered her and insulted him. And the bishop reeled back and stood speechless,

with bleary eyes fixed, his hands extended against the split logs, and from his lips, cut with his teeth, blood was flowing.

Then, in the dead silence that ensued, an old hermit, clothed in sackcloth, bareheaded, with long matted white hair, walking bent by the aid of a staff—a man who for thirty years had occupied a cell on the mountain-side without leaving it—stood forward before all, an unwonted apparition; and slowly, painfully raising his distorted form, he lifted hand and staff to heaven, and cried: "Woe, woe, woe to the Blessed Valley! The peace of David, our father, is broken. Blood has flowed in strife. That cometh which he foresaw, and over which he wept. Woe! woe! woe!"

CHAPTER VI.

THE SCROLL.

The young, the thoughtless, were full of exultation over the rebuff that the Normans, with their bishop, had encountered, but the older and wiser men were grave and concerned. The Normans had indeed withdrawn in sullen resentment, outnumbered, and incapable of revenging on the spot and at once the disabled arm of their leader and the broken tooth of their prelate. The old men knew very well that matters would not rest thus; and they feared lest the events of that day when the party of foreigners penetrated to the Blessed Valley might prove the most fruitful in disastrous consequences it had ever seen.

Native princes had respected the sanctuary of David, but an English King and foreign adventurers were not likely to regard its privileges, nor fear the wrath of the saint who had hitherto rendered it inviolable. Bishop Bernard had at his back not only the whole spiritual force of the Latin Church, the most highly concentrated and practically organised in Christendom, but he was specially the emissary of the English King, with all the physical power of the realm to support him; and what was the prospect of a little green basin in the mountains, isolated from the world, occupied by three thousand people, belonging to the most loosely compacted Church that existed, with no political force to maintain its right and champion its independence—what chance had the sanctuary of David in Caio against the resentment of the English King and the Roman Church? Neither, as experience showed, was likely to pass over an affront. One would sustain the other in exacting a severe chastisement.

The hermit, who after over thirty years of retirement in one cell, far up the Mount Mallaen, had suddenly, and unsolicited, left his retreat to appear once more among his fellow-men, and then to pronounce a sentence of woe, had sunk exhausted after this supreme effort of expiring powers, and had been removed into the Archpriest's house, where he was ministered to by Morwen, Pabo's wife.

The old man lay as one in a trance, and speechless. His eyes were open, but he saw nothing on earth, and no efforts could induce him to take nourishment. With folded hands, muttering lips, and glazed eyes he continued for several days. Pabo and his wife looked on with reverence, not knowing whether he were talking with invisible beings which he saw. He answered no questions put to him; he seemed not to hear them, and he hardly stirred from the position which he assumed when laid on a bed in the house.

The hermit of Mallaen had been regarded with unbounded reverence throughout the country. He had been visited for counsel, his words had been esteemed oracular, and he was even credited with having performed miraculous cures.

That he was dying in their midst would have created greater attention and much excitement among the people of Caio at any other time, but now they were in a fever over the events of the bishop's visit, their alarm over the enforcing of the decree on marriages, and their expectation of punishment for the rough handling of their unwelcome visitors; and when one night the old hermit passed away, it was hardly noticed, and Morwen was left almost unassisted to pay the last duties to the dead, to place the plate of salt on his breast when laid out, and to light the candles at the head.

It was no holiday-time, and yet little work was done throughout the once happy valley. A cloud seemed to hang over it, and oppress all therein. Shepherds on the mountain drove their flocks together, that for awhile, sitting under a rock or leaning on their crooks, they might discuss what was past and form conjectures as to the future. Women, over their spinning, drew near each other, and in low voices and with anxious faces conversed as to the unions that were like to be dissolved. Men met in groups and passed opinions as to what steps should be taken to maintain their rights, their independence, and to ward off reprisals. Even children caught up the words that were whispered, and jeered each other as born out of legitimate wedlock, or asked one another who were their sponsors, and shouted that such could never intermarry.

So days passed. Spirits became no lighter; the gloom deepened. It was mooted who would tell of the relationships borne by those who were now contented couples—so as to enable the bishop to separate them? Who would seek selfish profit by betrayal of their own kin?

The delay was not due to pitiful forbearance, to Christian forgiveness; it boded preparation for dealing an overwhelming blow. The Welsh Prince or King was a fugitive. From him no help could be expected. His castle of Dynevor was in the hands of the enemy. To the south, the Normans blocked the exit of the Cofhy from its contracted mouth; to east, the Towy valley was in the hands of the oppressor, planted in impregnable fortresses; to the west, Teify valley was in like manner occupied. Only to the north, among the wild, tumbled, barren mountains, was there no contracting, strangling, steel hand.

The autumn was closing in. The cattle that had summered in the *hafod* (the mountain byre) were returning to the *hendre* (the winter home). Usually the descent from the uplands was attended with song and laugh and dancing. It was not so now. And the very cattle seemed to perceive that they did not receive their wonted welcome.

Pabo went about as usual, but graver, paler than formerly—for his mind was ill at ease. It was he who had shed the first blood. A trifling spill, indeed, but one

likely to entail serious results. The situation had been aggravated by his act. He who should have done his utmost to ward off evil from his flock had perpetrated an act certain to provoke deadly resentment against them. He bitterly regretted his passionate outbreak; he who should have set an example of self-control had failed. Yet when he looked on his wife, her gentle, patient face, the tenderness with which she watched and cared for the dying hermit, again his cheek flushed, the veins in his brow swelled, and the blood surged in his heart. To hear her insulted, he could never bear; should such an outrage be repeated, he would strike again.

Pabo sat by his fire. In Welsh houses even so late as the twelfth century there were no structural chimneys—these were first introduced by the Flemish settlers—consequently the smoke from the wood fire curled and hung in the roof and stole out, when tired of circling there, through a hole in the thatch.

On a bier lay the dead man, with candles at his head—his white face illumined by the light that descended from the gap in the roof. At the feet crouched a woman, a professional wailer, singing and swaying herself, as she improvised verses in honour of the dead, promised him the glories of Paradise, and a place at the right hand of David, and then fell to musical moans.

Morwen sat by the side, looking at the deceased—she was awaiting her turn to kneel, sing, and lament—and beside her was a rude bench on which were placed cakes and ale wherewith to regale such as came in to wake the dead.

And as Pabo looked at his wife he thought of the peaceful, useful life they had led together.

She had been the daughter of a widow, a harsh and exacting woman, who had long been bedridden, and with whose querulousness she had borne meekly. He had not been always destined to the Archpriesthood. His uncle had been the ecclesiastical as well as political head of the tribe; but on his death his son, Goronwy, had been passed over, as deformed, and therefore incapable of taking his father's place, and the chieftainship had been conferred on Pabo, who had already been for some years ordained in anticipation of this selection.

Pabo continued to look at his wife, and he questioned whether he could have understood the hearts of his people had he not himself known what love was.

"Husband," said Morwen, "there is a little roll under his hand."

Pabo started to consciousness of the present.

"I have not ventured to remove it; yet what think you? Is it to be buried with him? It almost seems as though it were his testament."

The Archpriest rose and went to where the dead man lay; his long white beard flowed to his waist, and the hands were crossed over it.

"It is in the palm," said Morwen.

Pabo passed his fingers through the thick white hair and drew forth a scroll, hardly two fingers' breadth in width; it was short also, as he saw when he uncurled it.

He opened and read.

"Yes, it is his will. To Pabo, the Archpriest, my cell—as a refuge; and—"

He ceased, rolled up the little coil once more, and placed it in his bosom.

A stroke at the door, and one of the elders of the community, named Howel the Tall, entered.

"It seems fit, Father Pabo, to us to meet in council. What say you? All are gathered."

"It is well; I attend."

CHAPTER VII.

GRIFFITH AP RHYLS.

The council-house of the Caio tribe was a large circular wooden structure, with a conical thatched roof. There was a gable on one side in which was a circular opening to serve as window, and it was unglazed.

As Pabo entered with Howel the Tall he was saluted with respect, and he returned the salutation with grave courtesy.

He took the seat reserved for him, and looked about him, musing who were present. They were all representative men, either because weighty through wealth, force of character, or intellect.

Among them were two officers, the one Meredith ap David, the Bard, who in his retentive memory preserved the traditions of the tribe and the genealogies of all the families of the district from Noah. The other was Morgan ap Seissyl, the hereditary custodian of the staff of Cynwyl, and sacristan of the church, enjoying certain lands which went with the *baculus*, or staff, as well as certain dignities.

Howel stepped into the centre of the building and addressed those present, and their president.

"Father Pabo, we who are gathered together have done so with one consent, drawn hither by a common need, to take counsel in our difficulties. Seeing how grave is the situation in which we stand, how uncertain is the future, how ignorant we are of the devices of our enemies, how doubtful what a day may bring forth—we have considered it expedient to meet and devise such methods as may enable us to stand shoulder to shoulder, and to frustrate the machinations of our common foe. By twos and threes we have talked of these things, and now we desire to speak in assembly concerning them."

"And, first of all, we have considered the threats of Bernard, whom the King of the English has thrust upon us by his mere will, to be bishop over us; a man of whom we hear no good, who cannot speak our tongue, who despises our nation and its customs, and mocks at our laws. A man is he who has not entered the sheepfold by the door, but has climbed in another way."

His words were received with a murmur of assent.

"And the first time that this intruder has opened his mouth, it has been to provoke unto strife, and to fill all hearts with dismay. He erects barriers where was open common. He prohibits unions which the Word of God does not disallow. He creates spiritual relationships as occasions and excuses for dissolving marriages, where no blood ties exist. He proclaims his mission to be one of breaking up of families and making houses desolate. Now we are sheep without a shepherd, a flock in the midst of wolves. We are neither numerous enough nor strong enough to resist the over-might that is brought against

us. By the blessing of David, we have been ever men of peace. Our hands are unaccustomed to handle the bow and wield the sword. We have no prince over us to lead us. We have no bishop over us to advise us. The throne of our father David is usurped by an intruder whom we will not acknowledge."

He paused. Again his words roused applause.

"And now, it seems to me, that as we are incapable of opposing force to force, we must take refuge in subtlety. It has pleased God, who confounded the speech of men at Babel, that we should preserve that original tongue spoken by Adam in Paradise, in his unfallen state, and that the rest of mankind, by reason of the blindness of their hearts, and the dullness of their understandings, are hardly able to acquire it. Now it has further pleased Providence, which has a special care over our elect nation, that our relationships should present a perplexity to all save unto ourselves. I am creditably informed that the English people are beginning to call themselves after their trades, and to hand down their trade names to their children, so that John the Smith's sons and daughters be also entitled Smiths, although the one be a butcher, and another a weaver—which is but one token out of many that this is an insensate people. Moreover, some call themselves after the place where they were born, and although their children and children's children be born elsewhere, yet are they called after the township whence

advise that he go into hiding. Then, when the bishop comes we take it upon ourselves to confound his head with our relationships—consanguine, affine, and spiritual—so that he will be able to do nothing in the matter of dissolving our marriages. A child who is ill-treated lies. In that way it seeks protection. An ill-treated people takes refuge in subterfuge. It is permissible."

This long speech was vastly approved, and all present, even the bard himself, voted with uplifted right hand that it should be carried into effect.

Then Iorwerth the Smith stood up and said—

"It is well spoken; but all is not done. The chief danger menaces us through our head. It is at the head that the deadly blow is aimed. Griffith ap Rhys, our prince, is not among us. A true bishop is not over us. We have none but our Father Pabo; and him we must do our utmost to preserve. It is he who stands in greater peril than we. It is true that I struck a fellow on the arm because he molested the wife of our chief; but that was naught. Blows are exchanged among men and thought lightly of. But our Father Pabo smote the bishop in the mouth and broke his teeth. That will never be forgiven him—never; and the intruder Bernard will compass sea and land to revenge on him that blow. If our head be taken, what will become of us, the members? If it be thought expedient that Meredith the Bard should go into

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

There are signs that the opponents of Ritualism are about to unite in a policy of the most formidable kind. They seem disposed to get the law altered to the extent that Bishops will not be allowed a veto on prosecutions, and that prosecutions will be followed by deprivation. All are agreed that imprisonment is an impossible punishment. But deprivation is another matter. A very stern fight seems inevitable. So powerful a politician as Sir Edward Clarke has expressed his entire want of confidence in the action of the Bishops.

It is complained that the Bishop of Lincoln recently attended High Mass at St. Mary Magdalene's, Paddington, and preached the sermon. The ritual was of a very advanced character; incense was used ceremonially, lights were used ceremonially, and no opportunity was given to anyone to communicate.

At the Islington clerical meeting this year the attendance was greater than ever. The subject for consideration was "The Teaching of the Church of England Respecting the Lord's Supper." Some very able papers were read, especially those by Prebendary Wace and the Rev. W. H. Griffith Thomas.

The *Church Times* complains that Mr. Walter Walsh has published papers of the Society of the Holy Cross



"Yes, it is his will."

came their father—an evident proof of sheer imbecility. Again, it is said that if a John Redhead, so designated by reason of a fiery poll, have a dark-haired son, though the head of this latter be as a raven's wing, yet is he a Redhead. One really marvels that Providence should suffer such senseless creatures to beget children. But there is worse still behind. A Tom has a son George, and he is called Tomson. But if this George have a son Philip, then Philip is not Georgeson, but Tomson. Stupidity could go no farther. Now we are wiser. I am Howel ap John, and John was ap Roderick, and he ap Thomas. There were assuredly a score of Johns in Caio when my father lived, and say that each had five children. Then there be now in the tribe a hundred persons who bear the name of ap John or merch John. Who is to say which John begat this lad or that lass, and therefore to decide who are consanguineous and who are not? There is one man only whose duty and calling it is to unravel the tangle, and this is Meredith, the genealogist. Should the bishop come here again, or send his commissioner, we have the means of raising such a cloud of confusion with our Johns and Morgans, or Thomases and Merediths, with the *aps* and our *merchs*, as will utterly bewilder his brains. I defy any pig-headed Englishman or Norman either to discover our relationships unless he gets hold of the genealogist."

This was so obviously true and so eminently consolatory that all nodded approvingly.

"This being the case," pursued Howel, "as there is but a single man to unravel this tangle, Meredith ap David, and as he would consider it his sacred duty conscientiously to give every pedigree if asked—therefore I

hiding, then I give my voice that our chief should also seek out a refuge where he may not be found."

This opinion was met with murmurs of approval. Then the tall Howel rose and said, "You marked what I said before, that although we approve not deception, yet must the weak take resort unto trickery when matched against the strong. So be it—our Archpriest Pabo shall disappear, and disappear so that the enemy shall not know that he be alive. Leave this to me. An opportunity offers—that Heaven has given to us. Ask me not to explain."

"It is well. We trust thee, Howel."

Then they heard a distant murmur, a hum as of a rising wind, the rustle of trees, the beating of waves. It drew nearer, it waxed louder, it broke out into cries of joy and shouts of exultation as at the bringing in of harvest, and the crowned sheaf—the *tori pen y wrack*.

The elders of Caio listened and wondered.

Then through the door sprang a young man, and stood where a falling sunbeam from the one round window rested on him.

He had flowing golden hair that reached his shoulders in curls. He was tall, lithe, graceful, and beautiful.

In a moment they all knew him, as those had recognised him on the way and had accompanied him to the churchtown.

The old, the grey-headed, strong iron men, and those who were feeble at once encircled him. They threw themselves at his feet, they clasped his knees, those who could kissed his hands, others the hem of his garment.

"Griffith, our Prince! Our heart and soul, our King!"

(To be continued.)

which were purloined. It wants Mr. Walsh to say, with sufficient evidence, how he came by each one of these papers. "There is an unwritten law, observed by all gentlemen, that no man's private letters shall be published, or even passed from hand to hand, without his consent given or, at least, implied. Now, the papers in question are neither more nor less than private letters." It does not appear that the authenticity of the documents is challenged.

The advanced clergy are combining to maintain their rights to the ceremonial use of incense and to reservation. Among the leaders are the Rev. R. A. J. Suckling, the Rev. W. B. Trevelyan, and the Rev. C. E. Brooke.

St. John's, Highbury, one of the most successful of the theological colleges, is losing its Principal, the Rev. Dr. C. H. Waller. A voyage to Australia in search of health has not left him strong enough to continue in an always anxious and arduous office. Dr. Waller—who was a contemporary at Oxford of Mr. Bryce, Mr. J. Addington Symonds, Mr. Walter Pater, and Mr. W. H. Gladstone—graduated with some distinction, and took a Denyer and Johnson Scholarship in 1866. He served some curacies at the West End, but has practically given his life to the work of training men for holy orders, first as Vice-Principal and then (on the death of Dr. Boulbee) as Principal of St. John's Hall, Highbury. Dr. Waller has been a vigorous exponent of the more decidedly Protestant views held within the Church of England; but although widely known among the clergy, he has not taken a large share in the general life of the Church.

EVENTS OF THE DAY.

The Prince of Wales, as becomes a Field-Marshal, is a constantly interested observer of military art. Last Saturday afternoon, at the Grafton Gallery, he visited the exhibition of Vassili Verestchagin's works, and entered his name as a subscriber for the reproductions. Marlborough House has on its walls and in its portfolios a wonderfully complete representation of that military art which has made so much advance in truth and in human characterisation in our own day.

The Czar is a brave man; for he is not discouraged. On the contrary, he sees in the present critical situation of Europe only a further need for the cessation of an increase of armaments. Count Muravieff has in hand the programme of a conference to be submitted to the Powers, and the place of meeting is to be one that will suit the convenience of the delegates. On every other account, St. Petersburg would have the first claim; but geographical considerations seem to point in the direction of Brussels.

That city may not be what local custom claims, "a little Paris"; but it is able to offer to distinguished visitors no mean hospitalities and attractions.

Preparations for the new Exchange at Birmingham have necessitated the taking down of Christ Church, which is situated in New Street. The sacred edifice has accordingly been put up for sale, and the public has been not a little amused at the terms of the bargain. The church was offered for five pounds, the purchaser to clear the site. The old Exchange, which stands partly in New Street and partly in Stephenson Place, was opened in 1865.

Nikola Tesla, the electrician, is credited with yet another startling invention, which is intended to destroy bacilli in the human body by the application of an electric current of millions of volts. This he proposes to do with safety, but how he does not say. Another inventor proposes to do the same by shutting the patient up in a glass



CHRIST CHURCH, BIRMINGHAM.
OFFERED FOR SALE AT FIVE POUNDS.

case, to the outside of which the tremendous current is to be applied. Tesla argues that every cell in the human body is a tiny electric battery. Under the influence of a powerful current, he contends, oxidation of the tissues is caused, with fatal effect to the whole tribe of bacilli, including those of tuberculosis. It is claimed for the process that it not only destroys noxious germs, but reinvigorates the whole system. The experiment, however, is looked at askance by scientific men in America, whence comes this marvellous story.

A Commission, royal or otherwise, is often regarded as a way out of a political difficulty and an easy device for letting a difficulty drift. Very different motives led to the foundation of the Commission to inquire as to the terrible plague that has visited India, and that has already exacted its victims from Europeans who came, with benevolent motives, within its reach. The doctor and the nurse have faced the disease, captured it, and died in the attempt to wrest its secrets; and to others has fallen the hardly less responsible task of reporting on the sanitary and other conditions which induce the plague, aggravate it, diminish it, or do away with it altogether. Meanwhile nobody can accuse the executive anywhere of skulking behind the Commission. It has never lapsed for a moment into inaction. Indeed, some have criticised as too drastic

Professor Wright (Netley). Miss Robertson. Dr. Ruffer. Colonel Robertson. Mr. Carmine. Mr. Hallifax (Sec.). Mr. J. P. Hewett.



Colonel Campbell. Mrs. Robertson. Professor Fraser (President). Mrs. Ruffer.
MEMBERS OF THE INDIAN PLAGUE COMMISSION, AT THE RESIDENCY, BANGALORE.
From a photograph supplied by Barton and Co., Bangalore.

the recent precautions taken by the Foreign Office when Sir A. H. Hardinge, acting on its instructions, put into a quarantine of fourteen days a thousand people arriving on the East Coast of Africa in the *Bhandara*, on board of which there had been cases of plague. The cargo of grain Sir Arthur would not allow to be unloaded at all, though grain is excluded, by the terms of the Venice Convention, from the list of infected commodities.

Señor Rafael Yglesias, President of the Republic of Costa Rica, who arrived in London on Jan. 9, is paying a purely private and non-political visit. There was no



SEÑOR RAFAEL YGLESIAS, PRESIDENT OF COSTA RICA.

ceremonial reception, but carriages from Buckingham Palace received the President and his party. On Jan. 11 Señor Yglesias drove to Marlborough House, and was received by the Prince of Wales, and later in the day his Royal Highness returned the visit. The same day Mr. F. H. Villiers, Under-Secretary at the Foreign Office, and Mr. White, United States Chargé d'Affaires, made formal calls upon the President. On Jan. 17 Señor Yglesias proceeded to Osborne, and was presented to the Queen. His Excellency, who speaks English fluently, has been visiting the principal places of interest of London. He was re-elected to the Presidency on May 8 of last year. On Saturday, Jan. 14, he visited the Doré Gallery and Burlington House, attended by Mr. Robert Sygne, of the Foreign Office. Among his visits his Excellency has, of course, included one to the Tower of London, which he found most engrossing.

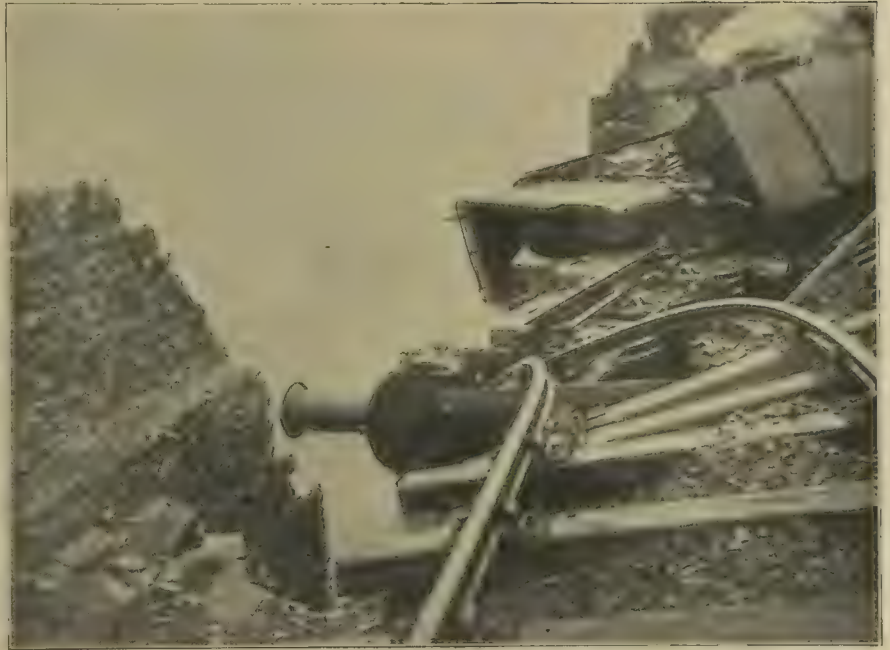
Truly it may be said that London, the sleepless giant, grows more wakeful than ever. London has now seen the successful inauguration of the all-night service of tramway-cars, of which we have recently heard so much. The first week's trial of the service on the line between Hampstead and Holborn has been entirely satisfactory, and two additional services will shortly be started. One of these will run from Highgate to Holborn; the other from Hampstead to Moorgate Street. Yet a third service, between Euston and Finsbury Park, is in contemplation.

It was recently asserted that the great impetus given to recruiting by the affairs of Dargai and Omdurman had entirely died away, but this statement seems to be controverted by the following figures forwarded to a leading daily paper by one who is conversant with the facts of the case. Just before Christmas there is always a lull in the recruiting sergeant's trade, but since Jan. 2 from 800 to 900 recruits for all branches of the service have undergone inspection at St. George's Barracks, London. On Jan. 9, ninety-eight men were sworn in at that, the principal recruiting centre for the kingdom.

Prison life, if it is understood by anybody not a prisoner, is understood by that indefatigable prison chaplain, the Rev. J. W. Horsley. From time to time he has taken the public into his confidence, and perhaps some persons, lately agitated by the condemnation of prisoners who enlisted their sympathy, will be relieved to learn that in Mr. Horsley's opinion hard labour is not, after all, so very hard. He does not say he has tried it, which would be the most conclusive thing to say. But his observation is that the lives of people inside prisons are less laborious than the lives of those who are outside. The women prisoners, who wash, or knit, or dress dolls, have less to do than any ordinary factory hand. For men there is oakum-picking, but this is tedious rather than exhausting. It is the restriction of freedom, of fresh air, of diet, that is the really punitive thing. The work itself is not more than a man will clamour for to relieve the monotony of life in a cell. At Portland, or on Dartmoor, the work of out-door gangs may be harder; but then there is the recompense of an abundance of fresh air.

Mr. Arthur Moore, who is to succeed Mr. Vesey Knox as the Nationalist candidate for Derry, is a Tipperary man, who has lived for forty-eight years, and has passed eleven of them in Parliament. His father made a fortune in Lancashire, and he married a daughter of the late Sir Charles Clifford, Bart., one of whose distinctions was that of having put the first salmon into Australian waters.

During the terrific gale on the night of Jan. 12 an extraordinary railway accident occurred on the London and North-Western line between Conway and Penmaen-mawr. The railroad runs close to the sea-shore, and is protected from the inroads of the waves by a sea-wall two



THE RAILWAY DISASTER NEAR CONWAY: THE ENGINE AND TENDER IN THE SEA.

Photographs by Hamilton Feys, Penmaen-mawr.



THE BRAKE VAN AND TRUCKS WHICH WERE NOT DERAILED.

and the change seem freakish indeed. One prefers to regard it frankly as a little bit of by-play, not without its value in a world where new forms of advertisement are in request. The man who suggested "whams" as a substitute for "freaks" was met by the retort, "We might as well be called snakes"; but when Canon Wilberforce proposed "prodigies," the vote was with him. Some eccentrics dissented, of course. The man who breaks stones on his head declared himself "a human wonder"; the lightning calculator declared, "I'm not a freak, I'm a marvel"; and the bearded lady described herself as a "curiosity." However, by a majority the Canon's description was adopted; and the armless secretary duly registered the meeting's grave determination.

Even to weariness we have heard the cry "The Strand is up!" and when that insurrection is periodically announced, there is loud grumbling against the powers that be. Now, as if being raised by the hand of official man were not sufficient, the causeway has risen of its own accord. Last Sunday morning, about six o'clock, the policeman on duty near St. Clement Danes heard a loud crash, and saw that the wood pavement had started up, leaving a rent about two feet long. The rent gradually lengthened to thirty feet. This is the third similar occurrence since last summer. Heat was given as the cause in the first instance, and now superabundance of water, both celestial and terrestrial, is blamed.

feet thick. At a point about two and a half miles from Conway this wall collapsed, through the stress of weather and a tide driven to an exceptional height by the gale. The ballast was completely washed away, leaving the rails entirely isolated, and forming all too frail a bridge, for seventy yards or more. About eleven o'clock an express goods train came up, and the inevitable happened. The rails were, of course, unequal to the strain, and the engine and tender and eight vehicles were hurled into the sea. Five trucks, however, remained on the line. The driver and fireman, William Evans and Owen Jones, of Holyhead, were drowned. Our Illustrations explain how the train appeared after the tide had retired. The engine lay on its side, with its machinery little damaged; the covered van was in splinters, while some fish-vans hung suspended from the rails. The body of the unfortunate driver was found along the coast at Conway. The brakesman in his van at the end of the train had a providential escape. The driving gear of the engine was found to have been reversed, showing that the driver had at least had time to realise the danger. The company's experts believe that the sea burst open a culvert beneath the line and then carried away the embankment.

M. Bertillon's famous system of criminal measurement has been introduced into Germany, and has been recently used in all cases where a suspected anarchist was the prisoner. The system has found such favour in the eyes of the Emperor William that he has conferred upon M. Bertillon the decoration of the third class of the Order of the Crown.

The "freaks" at Olympia are to be called "prodigies"; and the change of title is said to be due to their own sense of dignity and decorum. If that is really so, the agitation



GENERAL VIEW OF THE ACCIDENT.

STUDIES FROM LIFE AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.—No. III.

By Lascelles and Co.



A LION AT GAZE.

The eye of the expert at once recognises this to be the picture of a captive lion owing to the abundant development of long hair on the under part of the body. For a further discussion of this subject and of the lion generally we refer our readers to the notes which appear on "Our Illustrations" page from the pen of an eminent naturalist.



THE NEW COMIC OPERA; "THE LUCKY STAR," AT THE SAVOY THEATRE.

"The Lucky Star," of which we gave a detailed criticism last week, comes to us from a French source, and on the score of adaptation and composition at least six hands have been engaged. The music as now performed is by Mr. Ivan Caryll.

ENGLISH HOMES.

No. XLV.

Powderham Castle.

EXETER has one advantage over most or many other cities or towns—it is seen at its best from the railway-station. Those who linger there a few minutes on the line to Cornwall carry with them westward only dignified memories of old city walls, caressed by greenery, and of the Cathedral that squats itself up against all possible rivalry from surrounding

certain satiric lines of Peter Pindar's on "The Royal Visit to Exeter" may remember.

In the reign of Henry II., Sir Reginald de Courtenay took to wife a lady with the Christian name of Ilawise, and had a son, Robert de Courtenay, Viscount of Devonshire, who held from King John the office of Coiner of Tin for Devon and Cornwall, suggestive of an opulence which,

unluckily, the family has not been able in late years to maintain. Edward III. called Hugh de Courtenay to Parliament as Earl of Devonshire; and his son, the second Earl, married Margaret, daughter of Humphrey Bohun, Earl of Hereford, and the Lady Elizabeth Plantagenet, daughter of Edward I. A son of theirs added to the strain of royal blood, for he married his cousin, a daughter of Joan Plantagenet, the Fair Maid of Kent, the mother, by the Black Prince, of Richard II. The fortunes and misfortunes of the family have the familiar note. There are the ups and the downs; there is the Archbishop the Courtenays gave to York, and there are the Bishops they gave to Norwich and to Winchester. There is yet another Plantagenet alliance; there was the third Earl, commonly called "The Blind Bart.," who was Admiral of

the Fleet from the mouth of Thames westward, and Earl Marshal; and there was the sixth Earl, who wore his rose in the Wars of the Roses even to the scaffold. There were the common attainings; with a restoration after the victory of Bosworth. Then there was a correspondence from Powderham with Edmund de la Pole, followed by more disgraces and imprisonments, and finally

in 1836 bore him a son, the Lord Courtenay who sat in Parliament for Exeter in the 'sixties, but was not steadied by even that stolid experience of men and manners. His expenditure exceeded any that could come to even an only son from the Devonshire acres, or from that "prodigious estate" which a Courtenay in the sixteenth century had acquired in Ireland as one of the men who undertook to send settlers there for its "better planting." Lord Courtenay, in fact—as the public records of the 'seventies and 'eighties show—dispersed the wealth of many careful and acquiring generations, and anticipated the inheritance which, as fate had it, was never to be his. He predeceased his father, who had no other son to succeed him, and whose title passed therefore to his own younger brother, the Hon. and Rev. Henry Hugh Courtenay, Rector of Powderham. Thus it happens that the rectory, not the Castle, is the abode of the present Earl. The ancient dwelling-place of the family—now in the temporary occupation of strangers—has yielded up its treasures; if it ever was a show-place, it is such no longer; and its beauties, unlike those of the King's daughters, are without rather than within.

The Castle is easily and pleasantly approached by the least valiant of pedestrians who leaves the Exeter-to-Dawlish train at Starcross. A few minutes, and you pass the little line of houses, as unpicturesque as those that



THE BRIDGE IN THE PARK.

buildings. If Exeter has its squalid suburbs, the traveller in trains that pass in the night or the day does not see them. Nor does a visitor lose his good impression by walks down the main streets of the city. Its foundation reaches back to the realm of myth. It is said to have been a settlement of Iberians, Belgians, and Welsh before the Saxons in the fifth century gave it the name of Exancester, a name modified into Exon, and then Exeter. Athelstan fenced it round against the Danes, and in 1066 it was besieged by William I., who built or rebuilt—for some say the foundations were Julius Cæsar's—the Castle called Rougemont or Red Hill, of which the ruins still remain. Shakspeare's allusion to it in "Richard III." comes to mind—

Richmond, when last I was at Exeter,
The mayor in courtesy showed me the castle,
And called it Rougemont. At which name I started,
Because a bard of Ireland told me once
I should not live long after I saw Richmond.

In that Castle lived the West Saxon Kings, and then the Earls of Devon, before their migration to Powderham.

It was in 1231 that the Courtenays left the Castle of Exeter for that which is still associated with their name. They dominated the city from that short distance, to be traversed on foot in less than two hours. They were as concerned as if they were actual citizens in the fortunes of Exeter—about Perkin Warbeck's siege in 1497 and about the Catholic Rising in 1549, after which Queen Elizabeth gave the city the motto of *Semper Fidelis*. Still, the famously defended city had its share of capitulations—once to Prince Maurice during the Great Rebellion, and thirty months later to Fairfax and the Cromwellians. A relic of that thirty months of Royalism survives—a portrait of Princess Henrietta, afterwards Duchess of Orleans, born in Exeter when the city was the headquarters of the King. Charles II. saw it there when he slept in Exeter in 1670, on his way from Plymouth. Eighteen years later the same pavements resounded with the clattering hoofs of the horses of the Prince of Orange,



THE CASTLE FROM THE ROAD.

by the beheading of an Earl at the Tower. The beheaded man's son, a boy of twelve, was kept a prisoner in the Tower by Edward VI., but was released by Mary, to be re-committed later with Princess Elizabeth for supposed complicity in Wyatt's rebellion. Later he languished at Fotheringay, until Philip of Spain interposed on his behalf. Going abroad, he died at Padua, "not without suspicion of poison."

It is left to the visitor to Powderham to regret, in recalling these generations of a conspicuous race, that England has no answering succession of portrait-painters. We had the rare and great importations of painters—Holbein, under Henry VIII. (and a portrait of the Duchess of Suffolk which found its way to Powderham is ascribed to him); Vandyck, Antonio More, Lely, and Kneller under the Stuarts; and then, in the days of our grandfathers, which were also days when the interest of the Courtenays began to decline, England's own school of portraiture began, and was native indeed to Devonshire, since Sir Joshua—whose Lady Honeywood and Lady Courtenay, Powderham has proudly owned—was a pupil of Hudson of Exeter. It is amends for the Courtenays, in the absence of any vital line of family portraits, to have had a historian in Gibbon.

In 1831 the head of the family, who made good his claim to the dormant earldom, was the sixteenth inheritor of Powderham Castle. The late Earl of Devon—the eighteenth possessor of Powderham in succession—was a man of many virtues, and of several offices of State, including the Presidency of the Poor-Law Board. He married a daughter of the first Earl Fortescue, who



VIEW FROM THE PARK.

gather round a railway-station usually are, and then you walk in the well-wooded park. The foot-track is accessible to all; and the visitor soon finds himself entering, through an archway, the imposing courtyard of the Castle. A rosy-tinted stone gives the building a beauty that is rare, and is particularly harmonious also with the surrounding verdure. Terraces and turrets give variety below and above, and a large hall leads on to suites of lofty rooms, abundantly lighted, despite the comparatively small windows. The usual furniture is varied by trophies of the chase. The feature of the house is the tapestry; and there is not wanting the legend of the room in which Queen Elizabeth slept.

The pictures that take the eye are those to be seen from the windows; and those *plein air* beauties include not merely the outlines of the landscape, themselves stationary yet perpetually varied in effect by the environment of shifting cloud-forms about them, but also a panorama that gives unexpected pleasure to the eye. The water that has wandered from Exmoor, in Somersetshire, in its main waterway, the Exe, or beside Exeter in a canal, feels its way past Powderham Castle to the sea. From the lower levels of the Castle the surface of the water is not seen, but now and again the sails of barges, beautiful as those of Venice, glide past in level flight amid the green, with great wings of ruby-brown. The silence of their passage flatters its mystery.

The deer still frequent the park, and you may see them without mounting the Belvedere, a tower sixty feet high, built on an eminence. A survey of the outer walls shows you two towers remaining of the ancient six built in the fourteenth century, as well as portions of the old walls not demolished when the remodelling and rebuilding of the great pile took place in the last century. In one particular there is a piece of history. The ancient chapel,

THE CASTLE FROM THE RIVER
IN THE PARK.

who lingered there for ten days, on his way from his landing at Torbay, in order that the people might have "time to show their affections," a process in which they were somewhat coy. George III., with his Queen and three Princesses, visited Exeter in 1789, when the Bishop fought shy of being the host of royalty, and billeted it on the Dean of the day—a Buller, by the way—as readers of

THE BARBICAN AND
CASTLE.

used as a barn for centuries, has now been restored to its pious uses. That another restoration may speedily come to pass will be the wish of the tourist as he retraces his steps to Exeter—the restoration of the Courtenay family to the great place they once held in local and even national history, and to the abode which was theirs through so many generations.



ENTRANCE TO THE CASTLE FROM THE GARDENS.

ENGLISH HOMES.—No. XLV.



POWDERHAM CASTLE FROM THE PARK.



BACK VIEW FROM THE GARDENS.



"Fire at the farm!" and the horse hammers past,
The ricks are ablaze and the workers can't last;
So the youth on his steed cannot gallop too fast
When he summons the gallant brigade.

RIDING FOR A FIRE-ENGINE IN A COUNTRY VILLAGE.

Drawn by Ernest Smythe.

It's a matter of life, it's a matter of death,
And the horse never halts on the road for a breath.
For there's smoke in the sky and it knows it must fly,
Lest its home and its master be basely betrayed.

LITERATURE.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

Religion in Greek Literature. By Lewis Campbell, M.A. (Longmans.)
The Traditional Poetry of the Finns. By Domenico Comparetti. (Longmans.)
Dante's Garden. By Romney A. Cotes. (Methuen.)
Godfrida. A Play in Four Acts. By John Davidson. (Lane.)
The Tempter. A Tragedy in Verse, in Four Acts. By Henry Arthur Jones. (Macmillan.)
The Ambassador. A Comedy in Four Acts. By John Oliver Hobbes. (Fisher Unwin.)
More Baby Lays. By Ada Stow and Edith Calvert. (Elkin Mathews.)
Once Upon a Time. By Mary E. Wilkins. (Harper Brothers.)
Pan, and the Young Shepherd. By Maurice Hewlett. (Lane.)
Reveries of a Highland Subaltern. By Lieutenant-Colonel W. Gordon Alexander. (Edward Arnold.)
Cranford. By Mrs. Gaskell. Illustrated by Hugh Thomson. (Macmillan.)

Professor Lewis Campbell's volume is the outcome of his Gifford lectures, and will go far to redeem the discredit already cast on that foundation by some previous deliverances. It supplies both a lesson and conveys a warning, from the fascinating story of Hellenic culture. With no sacred writings save the words of poets and philosophers, and with no body of doctrine or dogma, and with no priestly caste, the Greek religion, unique, isolated, and plastic, developed a pure and high-toned morality which declined only with the downfall of the race. Starting with the sound axiom that "in their primitive forms all the religions of mankind are strangely alike," the author traces the progress of spiritual ideas in the Homeric poems, in Pindar and Herodotus, and along the line to Plato. He shows, what is a lesson for all time—that the Greek, in "seeking after wisdom," giving too little play to feeling and too much to intellect, brought about a reaction in favour of rites and ceremonies, and of recourse to oracles, on which the superficial minds of all ages rely as substitutes for the spiritual life. The "elaborately reasoned philosophies exercised only a limited power," and were ineffective to arrest ceremonialism. Taking the broad and historic survey to be expected of the biographer of Jowett, Professor Lewis Campbell shows how supplemental is one religion to another; that none have a monopoly of truth. The argument is illuminated by abundant illustrations from ancient and modern sources, and the results of both archaeological and epigraphical research adduced to throw light on the earlier phases of the Greek religion. Professor Lewis Campbell is to be thanked for so important a contribution to the science of comparative theology.

The Finns are not much to the fore nowadays; indeed, but for the intermittent attempts of their Russian taskmasters to destroy their autonomy, we should hear but little of them. But they are an interesting folk, and the inheritors of no mean intellectual riches. Few among us know that they possess an epic which, like the "Iliad," is a wonderful storehouse of the customs and beliefs of their ancestors—an epic full of the weird and wonderful, of joy in nature, and charged with cosmogonic and other curious myths. This "fifth national epic of the world," as Professor Max Müller calls the "Kalevala," was unknown to scholars till some sixty years ago, when Dr. Lönnrot collected its runes from the bards and peasant-minstrels of Suomi, the "fen-land." He and other literati also gathered a large body of traditional poetry, which, with the epic, has supplied materials for discussion as to the origin of national poetry—a question with obviously direct bearing on the authorship of the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey." The Italian Professor's treatise finds an appropriate sponsor in Mr. Andrew Lang, who contributes an introduction of some length in support of the Professor's conclusions that Lönnrot's process of making popular songs into an epic is not conceivably applicable to the Homeric group. "There is no known instance of a great work of literary art which has not proceeded from a single mind." Someone merits the commendation of Carlyle for sending out this elaborate book without an index.

The grim Florentine poet was a lover of flowers. In her study of the "Divine Comedy" Miss Cotes has observed how accurate is his observation of plant life, how vivid are his figures drawn from flowers and trees. She has, therefore, collected his references to the lily, the rose, the violet, the pine, the olive, and the rest, and given, besides, the folklore and the legends connected with each. The traditions, of course, she has not culled from Dante. Hers was a pretty idea to make a book of, and she has carried it out with a daintiness of style and a brevity which are both commendable. The little volume, a charming one to look at and handle, has for frontispiece Giotto's portrait of the poet.

The published play has resolved to remain with us, and the great unacted may now content them with the audience of the arm-chair. The three plays under discussion have certain points about them which suggest a joint note. Mr. John Davidson's vigour has already become known to us by his admirable translation of "For the Crown." In "Godfrida," which has not yet been acted, he returns to romance, by which he means the "essence of reality." It is a story, partly in prose and partly in verse, worked out in Provence during the fourteenth century; but though there is the clash of swords in it, it is not archaic in any way. It is full of life, it is quite modern in its tone, and it carries one away with it. In a somewhat flippant prologue—preface Mr. Davidson declares that he regards Ibsen as "the most impressive writer of his time," as the most expert playwright and most original dramatist the world has seen. That leads us to another prologue, that to "The Tempter," in which Mr. H. A. Jones bids us leave—

The bleak Norwegian's barren quest
 For deathless beauty's self, and holy zest
 Of rapturous martyrdom in some base strife
 Of petty dillards, soused in native filth.

That jibe made Mr. William Archer so angry when the play started on its seventy-third night's run, four years ago, that the critic of the *World* damned "The Tempter." Mr. Jones has never forgotten, and still less forgiven, this, for he has written a preface to the printed play which is little but a bludgeoning of Mr. Archer, who is described as "an excellent critic in his own lobster-symbolic Pudsey."

For sheer bad temper this preface has rarely been surpassed. John Oliver Hobbes, who has more in common with Mr. Davidson than with Mr. Jones, also prefaces the published edition of her brilliant comedy with a declaration of faith. "Love," she maintains, "is probably the sole great passion which an audience of average men and women can endure for more than one act, and to a tragic issue." And again, "There may be schools of people, but types are not to be found in Almighty God's creation or man's society." The play is intensely readable, and bristles with Hobbesisms, as, for instance: "Napoleon and Wellington settled their battle once and for ever, but Waterloo begins, for a woman, from the moment she disappoints her mother by not being a boy, and it ends—only when her dearest friend drops a wreath on her coffin." Playgoers will get to know John Oliver Hobbes better.

There are more writers capable of making a respectable lyric on some high theme of the soul than of composing a nonsense-song for the nursery. Miss Stow and Miss Culvert have unquestionably the rare gift. The clear point, the emphasis, the special kind of humour, the jingling, singing metre—their rhymes have them all. They will stick in a child's memory for the same reason that "Jack and Jill" is classic. And the pictures are quite as good.

Miss Wilkins is a very distinguished writer, and little folks should think it an honour she should write for them. The honour will be pleasurable too, for there are a good dozen verses in the book they will hear with delight, and that will cleave to their mind. She has the love of nonsense that characterises all wise people, and she has no habit of moralising. But she was not born for the post of nursery laureate; she is hardly brief enough for very simple minds, and humbler writers surpass her in this field.

For all too long a time there has been nothing so fresh and original in imaginative literature as Mr. Maurice Hewlett's "Pan and the Young Shepherd." This is a pastoral in dramatic form, in prose, with some rough verse interspersed. But it would be impossible to conceive anything more remote from the pastoral of tradition, with its classical conventions and stereotyped emotions, than Mr. Hewlett's shepherd play. Only the names have come from Greece. Rural England has supplied the circumstance, the humour, and the reality. A poem undoubtedly is, but it is so in defiance of accustomed sentiment and of burished forms of expression. There is beauty and there is tenderness in it, and art and naïveté have wonderfully combined to give it charm. But there is not one artificial note, nor any straining after literary effect. Even Pan appears in homely guise, as the shepherd's friend, pardoning a mortal who has robbed him of Aglaé to make of her a house-wife and a mother of mortals. It closes on the eve of the feast of shepherds, and with the singing of an Epiphany Hymn, which will give it the name of seasonable. But, indeed, this pastoral is for every season, though most of all it recalls the spring of the world.

During the whole of the Indian Mutiny campaigns of his regiment, the 93rd Highlanders, Colonel Gordon-Alexander kept a diary. He is therefore in a position to correct the details of historians who were not present, or who rely on records written after the event. And he has compiled his book mainly for the purpose of correction. Malleson and the others are pretty thoroughly revised on certain points, and the tone of the book is strongly controversial. Doubtless he has performed a very useful and thankless duty; but the points at issue do not materially affect the case to the civilian mind. Soldiers and military historians will alone appreciate his refutation of Malleson's details. For the rest, his narrative of the general story is readable, and valuable as only that of an eye-witness can be. In the course of it he reveals himself as a high and dry Tory of the old school, and a staunch believer in the moral teaching of the "cat."

Mrs. Ritchie ushers in this pretty new edition of "Cranford." It is the kind of book she loves to dwell on. The quaint old-fashioned life it depicts is what appeals to her most nearly; it is her own *genre*. Then she has seen Mrs. Gaskell; has lived in Knutsford, heard all the traditions of the author, and looked at the scenes that fired her imagination. The Knutsford of to-day is not so far apart, it would seem, from that of its Cranford period. Mrs. Ritchie tells us of one latter-day Knutsford lady who was greatly excited by the news of a wedding. "To soothe herself she was obliged to have a dish of toasted cheese prepared, and to send for a friend to play bezique, and share the news and the dainty; it might have been Miss Barker herself." Mr. Thomson has made numerous pen-and-ink sketches and forty coloured illustrations, and in them he has reflected Mrs. Gaskell's quiet humour.

A LITERARY LETTER.

LONDON, Jan. 19, 1899.

Dr. Robertson Nicoll, the accomplished editor of the *Expositor* and other journals, leaves England on Monday next for a prolonged tour in Italy. Mr. and Mrs. Robertson Nicoll will revisit Rome, Florence, and Venice. Dr. Nicoll lectured on Wednesday last in the Free Assembly Hall, Edinburgh, on "English Style in the Victorian Period."

Mr. Walter Raymond has not less than three books ready for the coming publishing season. One of these, which bears the title "Two Men of Mendip," appeared in *Longman's Magazine*, and will be published by Messrs. Longmans. Another romance, which appeared serially in the *Idler*, will be issued by Messrs. Dent. The third is a volume of nature-studies, which also appeared in the *Idler* magazine.

Two additions are to be made to the sixpenny illustrated journals of London in the course of a few weeks. The *West-End Review*, which has hitherto appeared monthly, is to be issued as a sixpenny weekly. Then we are to have a paper devoted to the drama. This last will, presumably,

make some effort to rival the *Sketch*. I do not imagine that it will come to stay. The amount of money that has been wasted over new journals during the past year has been exceptionally enormous. Penny papers of the type of the *Longbow* have been the most fruitful sources of loss, but the journalistic demise that should be most regretted is that of *Cosmopolis*, a noteworthy attempt to produce a magazine of the best literature in three languages.

Those who have subscribed to Mr. Wheatley's edition of the *Diary of Samuel Pepys*—and who that loves to collect a good library could abstain from so doing?—have long looked forward to the index-volume and the volume to be called "Pepysiana" that accompanies it. These, which make Volumes IX. and X. of the edition, will be ready in a week or two. The "Pepysiana" volume will contain an immense mass of entertaining material concerning Pepys' family, his friends and acquaintances, and so on. It will give a full account of the eipher of the *Diary* and of its treatment by successive editors. It will have most interesting illustrations, including facsimiles of pages of the *Diary*, Pepys' book-plates, and a large folding map of London in his time.

Mr. William Sharp, than whom there surely can be no more industrious worker in the literary profession, has four books nearly ready for publication. Two of these are in the realms of the imagination, and two others in the region of criticism. Mr. Sharp has written a tragic romance entitled "Silence Farm," and a volume of short stories called by the name of the longest of them, "Sister Eunice." Of his critical volumes, one is entitled "Studies in Contemporary Literature," and contains essays on Sainte-Beuve and Heine, and the companion volume is entitled "From Delacroix to Whistler."

Mr. John Morgan Richards, the proprietor of the *Academy*, is possessed by a laudable ambition to become a patron of letters in the most comprehensive sense. Last year he and his alert editor, Mr. Lewis Hind, divided one hundred and fifty guineas between Mr. W. E. Henley and Mr. Stephen Phillips, these gentlemen being assigned the position of the most notable authors of the year. This week we have the announcement that the *Academy* has divided another one hundred and fifty guineas between Mr. Maurice Hewlett, author of "The Forest Lovers," Mr. Sidney Lee, author of a "Life of Shakespeare," and Mr. Joseph Conrad, the author of "Tales of Unrest." I am delighted that Mr. Hewlett's strikingly picturesque story should have obtained this recognition. I am equally delighted that Mr. Sidney Lee's literary efforts, not only as a Shakespearean student, but also as the editor of the "Dictionary of National Biography," should receive recognition. As for Mr. Joseph Conrad, I am the more pleased because that gentleman's next story, entitled "The Rescue," will be published serially in *The Illustrated London News*, commencing in April. The *Academy* carefully guards its award, and anticipates the criticism that Mr. Anthony Hope, Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton, and others have written books during the past year, by the statement that it desires rather to encourage "promise" than to reward "fulfilment."

Mr. Anthony Hope has written another of his delightfully fantastic stories. It is called "The King's Mirror," and is published in the *Queen* in England and in *The Munsey*, as *Munsey's Magazine* is now called, in New York. In *The Munsey* the story leads off in characteristic fashion with the following announcement—

Mr. Hope, who in the last five years has won so remarkable a reputation as an author of dashing tales of adventure and as a master of clever dialogue, strikes a new vein of fiction in the autobiography of a young king. The world envies the men who sit on thrones; those who follow the story of King Agustin will have sympathy rather than envy for him in his lofty and lonely station.

The story of this king's life, a kind of Kaiser Wilhelm in boyhood, with Prince Hammerfeldt for Prince Bismarck in the background, is so far—and I have read four chapters of it—most interestingly worked out.

Mr. Max Pemberton also has a delightful story in *The Munsey*. It is called "The Garden of Swords," and is concerned with the Franco-German War. The story appears here in *Cassell's Magazine*. Mr. Pemberton's forthcoming literary engagements include romances for the *Woman at Home* and the *Windsor Magazine*.

Miss Louise Imogen Guiney, the American poet—a distinguished English critic, in whose judgment I place more reliance than in almost any other, says, "the best of living American poets"—has written an article in the *January Book-Buyer* on the late Harold Frederic, which concludes—

"Let us speak gently of one who was so gentle," as Thackeray said of Steele. *Requiescat*. Many grateful fellow-beings have wept for him; all his readers for ever will owe to him the noblest of debts for an influence which, without "purpose," yet unflinchingly strengthens the good in human hearts. That, after all, is our main concern now that Harold Frederic, with his robust charm and his magnificent unexhausted capacities, is dead.

Miss Gilder, in the January number of the *New York Critic*, says that there will be a flutter—

if the scheme of log-rolling, as practised in England, is ever made public. I am happy to say that this evil does not exist in America. The experiment was tried some time ago, but it got nipped in the bud. We have no patience with such things. We believe that authors, as well as other men, should stand or fall by their merits and not be paragraphed into popularity.

Let me assure Miss Gilder that there is just as much or as little log-rolling in the United States as in England. The whole thing is grossly exaggerated. Here, as everywhere, writers soon find their level.

Mr. Clement Scott's book, "The Drama of Yesterday and To-Day," is to be published by Messrs. Macmillan, who, I understand, have given Mr. Scott very handsome terms for it.

C. K. S.



1. Rose-covered Way to the River.

2. The Dancing Green Flooded.

3. The Island Hotel.

4. Twickenham Church from the Island.

5. Looking up River.

SKETCHES OF EEL-PIE ISLAND, TWICKENHAM.



MANHOLMGRESS CONQUERING THE SHIFTING SANDS



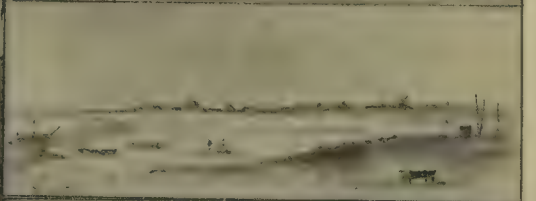
THE OLD CHURCH BURIED IN THE SAND-HILLS



A BIKING PARTY IN JUTLAND



THE GRAVE OF A HERO



A GRUESOME DINING ROOM

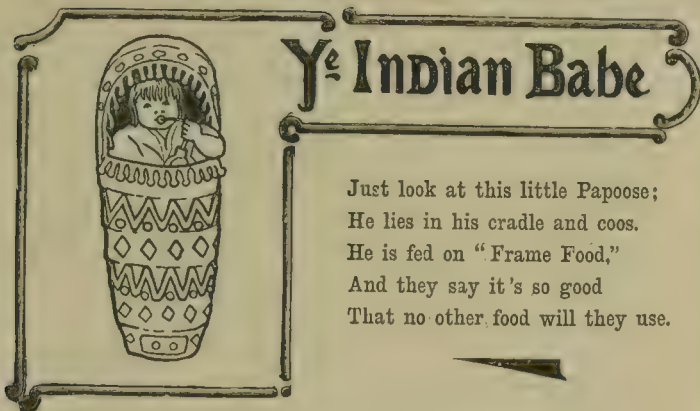


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J. J. J. J.



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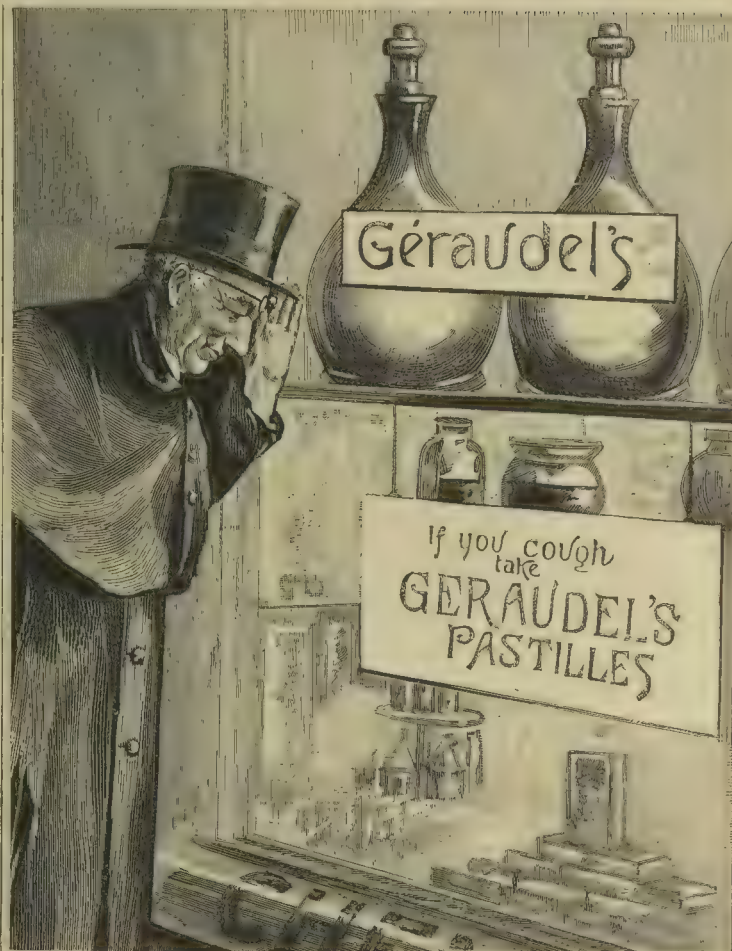
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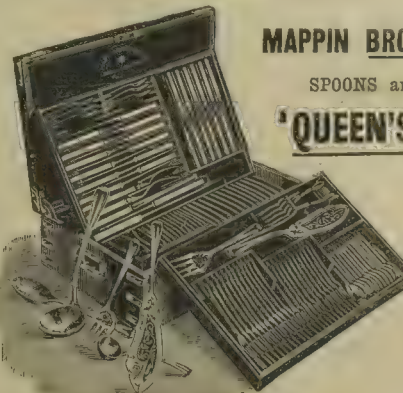
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LADIES' PAGE.

DRESS.

Fancy-dress parties are extremely popular this season. We are but children of a larger growth, and love "dressing up" accordingly. Yet many "grown-ups" do not show to much advantage in their costumes, because suitability is ignored and self-consciousness sits at the helm. A children's fancy-dress ball, such as that which is an annual fixture at the Mansion House, is a really pretty sight owing to the absence of both those drawbacks. For the awkward self-consciousness of the elders no remedy can be suggested; but that uncomfortable sensitiveness may be diminished and the success of the costume at the same time enhanced by being careful to choose a style that will harmonise with the age and physique of the wearer. The girl in her teens who has only yesterday "come out" and discarded her short frocks will not feel strange in the costume of a gipsy or Carmen, or Bo-Deep, or Polly, or a Swiss peasant, or any other dress that shows the ankles.

"stick," can be detached. The Empire fashion was designed for a distinctly plump personage, and may safely be adopted by anybody no stouter than Josephine herself. In each case it is most important to dress the hair to match the period; the best designed dress is spoiled by neglect of this detail. On this score, a moustached man should never wear Georgian dress—it is incongruous. Some costumes can be very effective though but slightly "expressed in fancy," as sage Polonius calls it. A lady of the right "colour" made a success at a recent ball as "A Primrose Dame" with a very ordinary evening gown of primrose satin draped with black lace, redeemed from commonplace by having innumerable big Louis bows of black velvet all but covered with primroses, worked on so as to leave but an outlining edge of the black visible while various more or less gorgeous "badges" hung from her in stray spots.

As to the young and fairly pretty, who can wear anything, they often look as nice as possible in very ordinary gowns, but they will attract most attention by exercising a little originality. At the Mansion House some of

Perhaps the most popular costume was that of a little girl whose mother is American and her father English, as "the Anglo-American Alliance." Her dress was on one side of white satin, with the British Lion worked on it, and on the other side the American Stars and Stripes in gold on a blue ground; clasped hands and united hearts decorated the bodice, and a Cup of Liberty and a necklace of American gold coins completed the clever design. A "basket of flowers" was carried out in a novel way, the bodice being covered with basket work (like a wicker waste-paper basket), and the handle rising from the shoulders above the little head; a sort of yoke of daffodils and leaves seemed to grow out of the basket, and the handle was wreathed with the same flowers and tied with ribbon bows. The "Bicycle Girl" was a capital fancy; it had an underskirt of accordion-pleated grey tulle and a deep tunic of steel grey satin, on which was embroidered a lady's bicycle; a padded appliqué of silk, as near the colour and the shape of new tyres as possible, encircled the tunic near the knees, and a similar "tyre" ran from right shoulder to left hip, while tiny bicycle bells, the



A TEA-GOWN OF SATIN EMBROIDERED IN COLOURS.

A TEA-GOWN OF CHIFFON WITH LACE FRONT.

A slim, graceful girl will feel that she looks her best in styles that make a short and stumpy figure simply ridiculous, such as the Watteau, or Dresden china, or Greek. But there are many periods of costume that are quite suited to the less elegant figures, and that are both becoming and handsome in themselves—Charles II., Queen Anne, Empire, and early Victorian female styles are examples.

The Elizabethan is an excellent costume, but for the foolish popular habit of labelling every wearer thereof with the name of the most famous beauty of the world's history, and thereby inducing painful comparisons; but made in stiff brocade or velvet, with big sleeves tapering from shoulder to wrist, a stomacher of a lighter material, and a skirt-front or petticoat to match, both trimmed with pearls, and a lace ruff and a velvet cap with pearls for edging, and long white veil down the back, "Elizabethan" is one of the most effective dresses possible for a lady not exactly in her teens, and yet young. Another excellent "period" for the same class is the Georgian, the broad silk saque dress worn with powdered, high-dressed hair, or, what is far more convenient, a white wig already dressed to the right fashion—to powder one's own hair means days of discomfort before the white flour, and the quantity of grease that is plastered on to make the powder

the most effective dresses for the children were simply copies of the garb worn now or in times past by their elders, the charm consisting in the fresh face and tiny figure in connection with the dress having different associations. "The Lord Mayor" and "the Sheriffs" in their fur-trimmed gowns and decorated with their splendid chains, were of this order. "John Bull" came out well in dark blue cloth cutaway coat, buff waistcoat from which depended a fob-chain and seals, breeches of light cord tucked into top-boots, and a grey low-crowned and broad-brimmed beaver hat. A tiny "monk" won much attention, and so did an "officer of the 11th Hussars," in exact uniform and provided with a set of miniature war-medals. Among the girls, a similar sort of effect was produced by a simple "Early Victorian" evening costume of white muslin in five graduated full flounces from foot to waist, and a tight-fitting white silk bodice cut round at the shoulders and edged with a bertha of lace in the good old fashion, while the hair was done in a coil of plaits at the back and two ringlets falling on the shoulders at the front; and also by a "nursing sister" in Red-Cross uniform, and a "school dame" provided with the paraphernalia of her business as a châteline—a little book, slate, and birch—wearing a white mob cap and crossed kerchief above a full "body" and much pleated skirt of old-fashioned print.

smallest to be had, edged one side of the rather low bodice and hung, with a tool-bag in brown silk, as a châteline from the waist. A "mermaid" in water-green silk and pink coral trimmings had a cleverly made imitation of scales on her bodice in silver-grey satin. The bodice was entirely formed of them, and they were shaped to make a fishtail-like plastron on the water-green skirt.

Picador shows us two tea-gowns wherewith to greet the returning steps of the sun. The chiffon gown, with fronts of lace, held in by bands of narrow velvet ribbon forming rosettes under diamond buckles, is a delightfully spring-like idea. The other is more substantial—of satin or silk embroidered in colours, the front of gathered mousseline-de-soie, held in place by sashes of black chiffon.

NOTES.

Lady Aberdeen, since her return to England, is endeavouring to arouse interest among the general public in what is called, for some inscrutable reason, "The International Congress of Women," but is, in fact, to be a congress of men and women. It is to be held in London next June, and Lady Aberdeen asks for subscriptions to provide for the hire of halls, for the entertainment of foreign visitors, and other expenses. The president of the Hospitality

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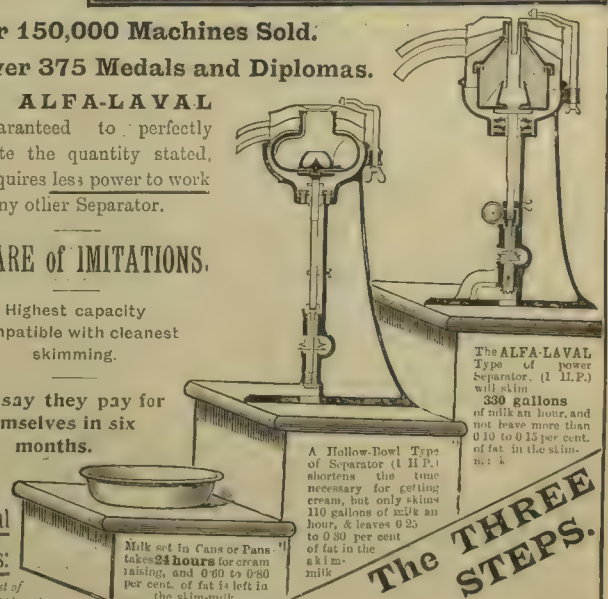
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

Mr. Walter Stewart Broadwood, who died on Oct. 20 last at his residence, Ferney, Malvern Wells, by his will, and four codicils, leaves his London house, 3, Queen's Gate Gardens, with its contents, to his two daughters; and his freehold property at Malvern Wells to Miss Edwards. He bequeaths legacies to various members of his family and friends, and such a sum as with the money brought by him into his marriage settlement will make up a sum of £64,000 for the benefit of his daughters, to one of whom he gives a life interest in the residue, and subsequent life interests to his two nieces, and appoints his great-nephew, Fabrizio Ruspoli, residuary legatee. The probate is dated Jan. 6, and the estate is sworn under £111,000.

The will (dated Nov. 8, 1892), with two codicils (dated Dec. 17, 1895, and Dec. 9, 1897), of Mr. John Gjers, of Bournemouth, Bournemouth, formerly of Middlesbrough, ironmaster, who died on Oct. 6, was proved on Jan. 5 by John Vernon Cooper, an executor, the value of the estate being £131,264. The testator gives £20,000, upon trust, for each of his daughters Hilda Longston Gjers and Eliza Catherine Gjers; an annuity of £1000, and the use of Bournemouth, with the furniture and effects therein, to his wife, Mrs. Florence Longston Gjers, during widowhood; £500 each to his sisters Helen Lagergren and Jeanette Hegel; £250 to Eliza Ann, a sister of his deceased wife; £250 each to his stepbrother Samuel Gjers, and the wife of his deceased stepbrother Magnus Gjers, and £250 to John Vernon Cooper. On the marriage or death of his wife he gives Bournemouth, and the furniture and effects, to his daughter Hilda. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his son Lawrence Farrar Gjers.

The will (dated July 16, 1898) of Mr. George Gooch Houghton, of Bournemouth, who died on Nov. 22, was proved on Dec. 15 by Mrs. Georgina Houghton, the widow, and Herbert Wade, the executors, the value of the estate being £65,036. The testator bequeaths £100 to Herbert Blancy Wade; £100 each to his godchildren Georgina Ellen Lloyd, Alice Maria Stone, Gerard William Stone, Muriel Peacock, Georgina Ridley, and Henrietta Houghton; £1000 each to his sisters Sophia Houghton, Eliza Matilda Houghton, Ellen Houghton, and Maria Peacock; and £200 to his wife, upon trust, for Mrs. Rose Cresswell. The residue of his property he leaves, upon

trust, for his wife for life. At her decease he gives £5000 to his three unmarried sisters, and the ultimate residue of his property between such of his nephews and nieces as shall survive his wife.

The will (dated July 5, 1898) of Mrs. Rachel Backhouse, of Milmore Hall, Hurworth-on-Tees, Durham, widow, who died on Nov. 15, has been proved by Robert Barclay, Edward Backhouse Mounsey, and Edward Backhouse, the nephews and executors, the value of the estate being £33,502. The testatrix gives £1000 each to Mrs. Rachel Ann Mounsey, Mrs. Millicent Evelyn Rogers, Mrs. Ellen Barclay, and her companion, Mary Eliza Currie; £500 each to her executors; her wines and consumable stores, carriages and horses, farm stock and implements, and trinkets to her niece, Elizabeth Barclay Backhouse; and many legacies to servants. She devises all her real estate at Hurworth to her niece, Elizabeth Barclay Backhouse. Under the powers and provisions of her marriage settlement, she appoints the sum of £10,000 between her niece Elizabeth Barclay Backhouse and her nephew Edward Backhouse Mounsey. The residue of her property she leaves between the daughters of her brother, Joseph Gurney Barclay, and of her sister, Ann Ford Fowler.

The will (dated July 19, 1895), with two codicils (dated Jan. 30, 1896, and July 17, 1897), of Mr. Henry Thomas John Jenkinson, J.P., of Ower Fawley, Southampton, who died on Oct. 3, was proved on Jan. 6 by Captain Henry Law Acland Jenkinson, R.I.A., the son, and Hugh James Elibank Scott, two of the executors, the value of the estate being £27,399. Having already appointed £10,000 to his son and £3000 each to his daughters Mary Theresa Fortescue and Agnes Harriett Scott, on their respective marriages, he now appoints and gives £5000 each, upon trust, for his daughters; his plate to his son; and annuities of £40 each to William Kitchington and Esther Hardy, if they are in his employment at the time of his decease. He gives to his son, Captain Jenkinson, any property at Alveston, Warwick, that he has not already conveyed to him. The residue of his property he leaves as to £5000 each to his three children, and the ultimate residue to his son.

The will (dated March 15, 1894), with a codicil (dated Dec. 20, 1895), of Mr. James Johnstone Bevan, J.P., of Northgate House, Bury St. Edmunds, a partner in the

bank of Oakes, Bevan, and Co., who died on Nov. 5, was proved on Jan. 7 by Major Reginald Johnstone Bevan, the son, and Sir Lawrence John Jones, Bart., the son-in-law, the executors, the value of the estate being £30,981. The testator gives his share in the bank to his son, Major Bevan, but charged with the payment of £300 per annum to his, the testator's wife; his premises, called Northgate House, to his said son, subject to the mortgage for £2100 subsisting thereon; £5000, upon trust, for his son, Neville Alexander Johnstone Bevan; £199 each to his daughters, Dame Evelyn Mary Jones and Mrs. Mabel Johnstone Greaves; £50 each to his executors; and legacies to his butler and coachman. He appoints the funds of the settlement executed on his first marriage to his two daughters, Lady Jones and Mrs. Greaves, and the funds of his second marriage settlement, subject to the life interest of his wife and in default of issue by her, to his said two daughters and son, Major Bevan, in equal shares. The residue of his property he leaves to his wife.

The will (dated March 2, 1890) of Mr. Edward Atkins, of Dun Esk, near Teignmouth, Devon, late a director of the Capital and Counties Bank, who died on Nov. 24, was proved on Jan. 7 by Mr. Henry Atkins, of Weston-super-Mare, a retired Brigade-Surgeon in the Bombay Medical Service, the brother and sole executor, the value of the estate being £27,198. The testator bequeaths £3000, upon trust, for Mabel Atkins, her husband, and children; £2000, upon trust, for his niece Mary Evelyn Garway Atkins, for life, and then upon the like trusts as of the legacy of £3000; an annuity of £150 to Edward Way, and part of his household furniture to his housekeeper, Ellen Marsh. The residue of his property he leaves to his brother.

The will (dated Nov. 7, 1896), with two codicils (dated June 22, 1897, and Jan. 26, 1898), of Sir John Scott, K.C.M.G., of Southome, Kennal Road, Chislehurst, formerly Governor of Natal and British Guiana, who died on June 29, was proved on Jan. 9 by Major Thomas Deering Backhouse and Danby Stevens Christopher, the executors, the value of the estate being £25,682. The testator gives 100 guineas each to his executors; £500, and such half of his household effects as she may select, to his cousin, Mary Ann Backhouse; his house, called South-home, and other portion of his furniture and effects, to Major Backhouse; and legacies to servants. The residue

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of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for the purchase of an annuity of £300 for Miss Backhouse, and subject thereto for her absolutely.

The will (dated May 30, 1896) of Mrs. Mary Cecil Moore, of 26, Chapel Street, Belgrave Square, widow, who died on Oct. 24, was proved on Dec. 23 by William Garnett, the nephew, and Robert Henry Hobart, C.B., the executors, the value of the estate being £14,346. The testator bequeaths £100 each to her executors, and £200 to her maid McAlister. The residue of her property she leaves, upon trust, for her sister, Frances Anne Garnett, for life, and at her decease she gives £2000 to her brother-in-law, Thomas Rogers; £1000 each to her nephew Major Cecil Francis Garnett, and her niece Eliza Hale Tatham,

and the income of the remainder to her sister-in-law, Charlotte Hale, during her life. The ultimate residue is to be divided between her other nephews and nieces.

The will (dated Jan. 11, 1898) of Mr. George Frederick Bambridge, of 11, Astley Place, Westminster, Private Secretary to H.R.H. the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, who died on Oct. 31, was proved on Jan. 7 by Edward Charles Bambridge and Herbert Ramon Zglesias, the executors, the value of the estate being £3528. The testator gives £50 each to his executors, and, subject thereto, leaves all his property, upon trust, for his son George Louis St. Clair Bambridge.

The will of Mr. Arthur Beanlands, J.P., of Divinity House, Palace Green, Durham, civil engineer, and

Treasurer to the University of Durham, who died on Sept. 28, has been proved by Mrs. Jane Beanlands, the widow, Miss Mary Garnett Beanlands, and Mrs. Margaret Frances Howson, the daughters, the executrices, the value of the estate being £2435.

The will of Mr. John Burgess, J.P., of Vine Cottage, Wilderspool, Warrington, who died on Nov. 8, has been proved by Miss Lucy Burgess, the daughter, and William Fletcher, the executors, the value of the estate being £2491.

In the report of the will of Mr. David Bromilow, of Bitteswell Hall, Lutterworth, Leicestershire, which appeared in our issue of Jan. 7, the name was by mistake given as Brownlow.

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Notes from a Diary in Asiatic Turkey. By Lord Warkworth, M.P. (Edward Arnold.)
Bishop Walsham How. A Memoir. By Frederick Douglas How. (Lobster.)
Annals of Eton College. By Wasey Sterry. (Methuen.)
Memoir of Robert Earl Nugent. By Claude Nugent. (Hinemann.)
Six Royal Ladies of the House of Hanover. By Sarah Tytler. (Hutchinson.)
Letters of Princess Elizabeth of England, daughter of King George III. and Landgravine of Hesse-Homburg. Edited by P. C. Yorke. (Fisher Unwin.)
Royal Friendships. Edited by Caroline Gearey. (Digby, Long.)
Tom Tit Tot. An Essay on Savage Philosophy in Folk-Tale. By Edward Clodd. (Duckworth.)
The Laurel Walk. By Mrs. Molesworth. (Lobster.)

The day when the Grand Tour sufficed young Englishmen of rank has gone by. To-day they invade the most inaccessible places of the earth, and when they become politicians they are able to put their knowledge to good use—Lord Curzon of Kedleston is the most recent case in point. Lord Warkworth, the latest example of this type of traveller, has come into unusual notice since his book was published the other day, for by the death of his grandfather, the veteran Duke of Northumberland, he is Lord Warkworth no longer, but Earl Percy. He is a young politician who seems likely to make his mark. Leaving Oxford with a double first, he entered the House of Commons as Conservative member for Kensington in 1895, at the age of four-and-twenty. That he should have something of the political philosopher about him need not be astonishing. When you remember that his grandfather is the Duke of Argyll. It was with the Armenian atrocities still raging throughout the civilised world that he undertook a journey through Asia Minor, accompanied by three other young men (of the same political creed)—namely, Lord Eldon's son, Viscount Encombe, Lord Knutsford's son, the Hon. Lionel Holland, and Sir John Stirling Maxwell. Starting from Constantinople, they worked their way along the northern part of Asia Minor as far as Alexandropol, and then turned south by way of Ararat and Nineveh to Kalch Sherghat, from which they returned eastwards along the north of Aleppo. The ground thus covered is certain to be of very great importance during the next few years, as Germany will continue to push her trade in such a way as to find a backing from Berlin. But Lord Warkworth's eye is not merely for the political aspect. He saw many strange things, and with the training of a classical scholar he made a faithful record of some of them, as, for instance, the sacerdotal figure at Yasili Kaya, in the mysterious Hittite country which Dr. Sayce and Mr. Ramsay have dealt with so brilliantly. The sculpture illustrated herewith is one of a series carved on the interior facings of a group of limestone cliffs, forming two distinct galleries side by side. It represents a colossal beardless figure standing on two points like fir-cones, wearing a long flowing dress and skull-cap, and carrying a wand in his hand with a circular curve at the extremity. Lord Warkworth frankly avows his sympathy with the Turks. He was well treated by them, and he believes that much of the abuse which has been hurled against them is exaggerated, ignorant, and prejudiced. He hopes for the establishment of "that cordial understanding between England and Turkey which can alone preserve her from ultimate absorption, and ourselves from inevitable collision with the greatest and most formidable of our rivals for Asiatic Empire," and he manages to maintain this hope in the light of a strong religious belief which appears every now and again in his pages. The book, which is lucidly written, is illustrated with a series of photographs taken by Lord Warkworth, and admirably reproduced in photogravure.

the oldest save one of our great public schools. In his preface the author, an old Etonian, modestly pronounces himself a mere "gleaner" in the field from which Sir H. Maxwell-Lyte gathered so rich a harvest for what Mr. Sterry rightly calls the "monumental" history of Eton. But Mr. Sterry's volume has merits of its own, and besides being very pleasantly as well as carefully written, shows the results of original research, especially as regards the later and anecdotal history of Eton. For instance, there is novelty in his account of the Eton Debating Society, which was familiarly known as "the Pop," and of which in their youth Mr. Gladstone and Lord Rosebery, with many other peers subsequently distinguished, were members. Mr. Sterry has explored the minutes of the society, and it is interesting to read in his pages that Mr. Gladstone's maiden speech, delivered at the age of fifteen, was "in favour of the education of the poor being beneficial," and to find him a year later defending Arthur Hallam, when it was proposed to fine the afterwards hero of "In Memoriam" for throwing an orange at a youthful fellow member. The numerous illustrations comprise views of Eton localities and portraits of celebrated Etonians.

Robert, Earl Nugent, was, his diligent biographer candidly admits, not a man to be in any way admired. Clever, coarsely witty, pushing and unprincipled, both socially and politically, after marrying for money he bought his way into the House of Commons. By political

letters written by Charlotte Elizabeth, the daughter of Karl Ludwig and the granddaughter of the "Queen of Hearts." She married Philip d'Orléans, the only brother of Louis XIV. That showed us the French side of the descent. And now Miss Sarah Tytler has written a book dealing with the English side of it. She begins with Sophia, the mother of George I., but the main part of the book treats of the Queens of her descendants. There is Sophia Dorothea of Zell, the wife of George I., which takes us back to 1666. Then there is Caroline of Anspach, the Consort of George II.; Charlotte of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, wife of George III.; Caroline of Brunswick, the wife of George IV.; and lastly, Adelaide of Saxe-Meiningen, the wife of William IV. The volume is rather for the general reader than for the student, but it contains a great deal of matter that is not popularly known. Mr. Yorke's book is supplementary, for it deals with George the Third's sickly little precocious daughter, Elizabeth, who married Frederick VI., the Landgrave of Hesse-Homburg, and died without issue in 1840. Mr. Yorke has made his book chiefly out of the letters written by the Prince to his great-aunt, Miss Louise Swinburne, the daughter of Henry Swinburne, whose book on "The Courts of Europe" is still remembered. The letters are charming in their sincerity and simplicity, and represent the intelligent society of her time. They are not a hash-up of scandal, for, as the editor points out, they show a "remarkable delicacy of feeling and expression, exceptional at that date." Mr. Yorke has added some excellent genealogical tables of little known lines. Thus he gives us the Landgraves of Homburg, the Brunswicks and Hesse-Cassel family. But neither he nor Miss Tytler supplies indexes.

Under the title of "Tom Tit Tot," Mr. Edward Clodd has written a luminous essay on a certain aspect of the philosophy of folk-tale, as illustrated by the immortal story of the girl and the magic spinner who helped her in her distress. It is just five-and-twenty years ago since Mr. Clodd thrilled a new community of his fellows by his primer "The Childhood of the World." Since then the field of folk-lore has been enormously extended, and its older interpreters have been discredited. Mr. Clodd has followed the inquiry during the quarter of a century that has elapsed with sleepless eye, with a mind ever open to new discoveries and new doctrines, and he gives us the result of his mature experience in this little book, which represents a world of patient work. He bases his essay on the version of the story as told in his beloved Suffolk. Scotch readers, however, will recognise the legend in the weird doings of Whuppty Stoorie, and Grimm has familiarised us with it as Rumpelstiltskin. As the tiny ogre span the skeins for the girl, it sang—

Nimny nimny not,
My name's Tom Tit Tot

After discussing the more prominent variants on this version—a complete list is given in the appendix—Mr. Clodd alludes to incidental features in the stories, such as the superstitions about iron, woman as spinster and farmer, and the gullibility of the devil; and he devotes the remaining four-fifths of his book to the fascinating philosophy of names, with everything these imply, that being the central idea of all the stories. "Barbaric man believes that his name is a vital part of himself, and therefore that the names of other men and superhuman things are also vital parts of themselves. He further believes that to know the name is to put its owner—whether he be deity, ghost, or mortal—in the power of another, involving risk of harm or destruction to the name." Supporting these theses with innumerable examples from the world's folk-lore, he reduces the philosophy underlying it to great simplicity. For instance, there is the magic through tangible things: as when the savage adopts precautions against cutting off his hair. More subtle is the magic through intangible things—echoes, shadows, the possession of a name. Perhaps the most interesting chapter in the book is that devoted to taboo, divided into three sections—the taboo which prohibits persons related in certain degrees by blood or marriage from addressing one another by names, or from even looking at one another; that which debars the utterance of the names of individuals of high rank, such as priests and kings; and (most appreciable among us to-day, perhaps) the taboo on names of the dead and in the names of gods. The chapter on words of power rouses instant curiosity, for the youngest of us thinks of "Open Sesame!" with a thrill. In his last chapter Mr. Clodd sums up his whole theory, which is that the name stood for the very soul of man. Such is a brief outline of Mr. Clodd's essay, which is written with great spirit; but no summary of it can give any idea of the fascination of his account of Tom Tit Tot. It is rather a pity that he should not have ended his book by restating his initial legend in the terms of his theory.

Mrs. Molesworth's newest story appeals to the school-room rather than to the nursery. The nursery would scorn its uneventful pages, but the school-room may think sentiment makes up for lack of sensation. The sentiment, however, is of the mildest description. The tale turns on the starved lives of three gently brought-up young girls, to whom Paradise suddenly opens in the shape of some country neighbours' invitations. Their pleasant and quite ordinary personalities are very well described. Common-place girls will probably like to see themselves faithfully mirrored. The others, though they too may know passionate longings for an invitation or a new frock, will demand from books incitement to other hopes and desires.



SACERDOTAL FIGURE AT YASILI KAYA.

From a Photograph by Lord Warkworth, reproduced in his Book, "Notes from a Diary in Asiatic Turkey," published by Mr. Edward Arnold.

Bishop Walsham How and his work at the East-End will long be gratefully remembered in London and its diocese. Ample justice is done to his character and career in this perhaps too elaborate biography by an affectionate and admiring son. Walsham How had been for twenty-eight years the active rector of Whittington, in Shropshire, where his advocacy of the *via media* in Anglican doctrine and ceremonial, his parochial zeal, and the success of his devotional writings led to his being appointed by the late Dr. Jackson, then Bishop of London, as his Suffragan, with the title of Bishop of Bedford. By his indefatigable and successful labours as an organiser, administrator, and preacher, he became practically Bishop of East London, and the large amount of money which he raised for his East London Fund was subscribed by sympathisers outside the diocese as well as in it. After having declined the important see of Manchester in 1888, and rather to the surprise of those unacquainted with the diocesan history of London after the death of Bishop Jackson, he accepted the new bishopric of Wakefield, and though it was a less congenial sphere of usefulness than that which he had quitted, he declined, rather than leave his work in it half done, the see of Durham, the income of which was double that of Wakefield. He died in 1897 in his seventy-fourth year, and half a century after he had taken deacon's orders. He was a poet as well as a prose-writer, and composed, at the request of the Prince of Wales, the special hymn to be sung in all Anglican churches on the occasion of the Diamond Jubilee. In private and domestic life he was as amiable and genial as he was earnest in the discharge of his ministerial and episcopal duties.

Another book on Eton, elaborately chronicling its history from the time when it was founded to the present day, testifies to the existence of an unflinching interest in

It is curious to watch the growing interest—strengthening as we recede from the initial events—that is manifested in results of the marriage of James the Sixth's daughter Elizabeth with Frederick, the Palatine of the Rhine, in 1613. The poor "Queen of Hearts" seemed to have made a sad mess of it, for she dragged out her poverty-stricken and many-childrend life at the Hague long after her husband, "the Snow King," had ceased even to clamour for his crown of Bohemia. But as the mother of Sophia and the grandmother of George I., she is of first-rate importance, and gradually we are getting peeps into the lives of her descendants, for Mrs. Everett Green's account of Elizabeth herself will not readily be supplanted. Ten years ago there was published a little-noticed volume of

THE TRIALS OF A PRINCIPAL BOY.

The Music Hall and Variety Artists' Protection Association is seriously considering the advisability of contesting the right of an agent to draw commission upon an engagement obtained by him when the artist is unable to fulfil it by reason of ill-health. The case in point is not without interest. A well-known serio-comic, whose salary approaches often between £80 and £100 a week, recently became so indisposed that she was unable to give her full "show," and the management of the Hall decided to deduct a portion of her salary. Her agent, however, claimed commission upon the full salary, and this is the point to be fought.

That the health of a professional is a matter of the utmost importance is beyond all question, seeing that the public often pay big railway fares in order to be present at some performance, and they naturally feel disappointed, to say the least, when they read the announcement that the particular artist is "indisposed and unable to appear." From a professional point of view the maintenance of good health is the key-stone to success, and this being so, the story told by one of London's most promising lady artists, Miss Daisy James, cannot be without interest to her admirers, who are legion, and to the public generally. Miss James,



MISS DAISY JAMES.

who in private life is Mrs. Harry Villiers, was formerly one of the Sisters Fortescue, but hard work under trying conditions told in the end, and considerable suffering and pecuniary loss resulted. It was not an easy matter to get this quiet, lady-like little artist to tell the story of her suffering, because, she argued, apart from causing her friends alarm, it might militate considerably in the matter of future engagements. However (says a *Weekly Dispatch* Commissioner), she listened to what I had to say, and when I pointed out the good she might do from a public point of view, the objection was withdrawn, and I was told the following story—

"When one has been before the public professionally for some years they are apt to be thought older than they

really are, but still I shall not be twenty until next May. For some years I worked with my sister under the name of the Sisters Fortescue. My sister is a fine, well-made girl, but although I have never admitted it, I have been told that I was more developed than she. Whilst we were in America we had to work very hard, not always under healthy conditions, and in spite of the fact that I was stronger than my sister, I soon fell ill; in fact, I had an attack of low fever. I managed to pull through, and got to England, but although I had the best of advice I caught scarlet fever, and was laid up for some time. I got well, but I found I was thin and pale, and sometimes felt as if I had not an ounce of blood in the whole of my body. I was told I was in a decline. I went to doctor after doctor, but still to no purpose; the more medicine I had the more ill I seemed to get.

"About this time I began to perform by myself, and having some good songs and business, I was able to find plenty of engagements, and my agents booked me right up. I was overjoyed at the prospect of plenty of 'turns' at good salaries. In certain towns I had a great reception, but I found my strength was not equal to the task. Once, I remember, I was so weak that I had not the strength to go on the stage and take an encore, and while the audience were shouting and whistling for me, I was lying in the arms of my dresser, begging the manager to go on and say something to the audience. Well, this went on for some time, and gradually I got worse and worse, until many friends began to speculate as to the date of my funeral. It's about four months ago now that one night my husband happened to overhear a conversation in the dressing-room that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had

SAVED A WELL-KNOWN ACTOR'S LIFE,

and as a kind of grasp at the last straw I determined, after what he told me, to try a box. I did so, and began to take them. I assure you I felt better the following day. I went on with them, and they have saved not only my professional reputation but almost my life. Since taking the pills I have sung as many as eight or ten songs a night. My health is so good that I am booked up till the end of the year 1900; I haven't a vacant week, but you bet that when I go away the first thing that I pack in my 'make-up case' is a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

"I am working all the Syndicate Halls, and shall be the principal boy or girl at the Eden Theatre, Brighton, next year. Before going to a long and tedious rehearsal I take one of the pills, and I feel as well as possible, and I don't know what nervous breakdown is. I am appearing at the Oxford, the Hammersmith, and the Washington.

Come and see me, and then you will be able to judge for yourself. I feel it is only right to Dr. Williams that I should do what I can to help him in his good work because he cures where hundreds of doctors fail."

Having written music-hall critiques for some years (concludes the *Weekly Dispatch* reporter), I can endorse what



Miss Daisy James states; she is the Marie Lloyd of the future, and her position is assured now her health is restored.

Extract from



"The practice of 'pink' pill-taking, so lavishly encouraged by bold advertisement, is said to be making upward progress in Society, and report has it that the product of the 'only genuine' manufacturer—the pill with the seven-worded name so often displayed before our eyes with piteous entreaty to shun all pills with a 'missing word' in their title—has penetrated to the most exalted circles. However this may be, it is not to be questioned that pale people in the highest walks of Society are availing themselves of Dr. WILLIAMS' discovery, and comparing notes, not without satisfaction at the improvement in their personal appearance thereon resulting."—*The Court Journal*, Dec. 17, 1898, page 2006.

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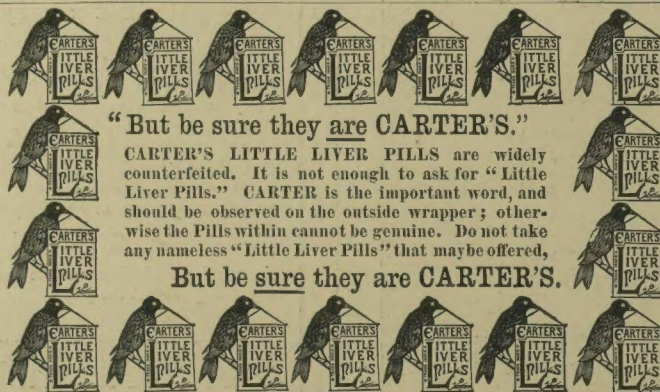


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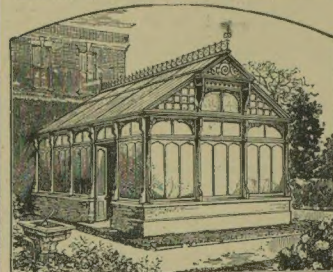
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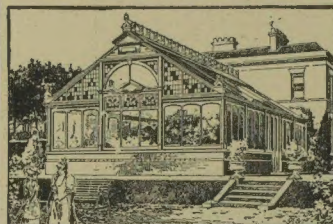
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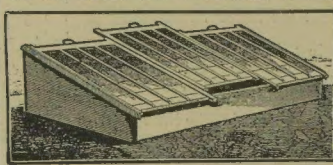
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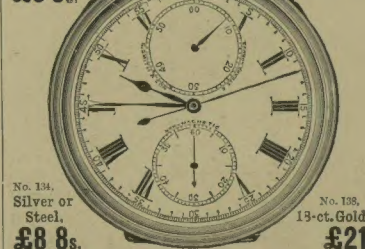
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